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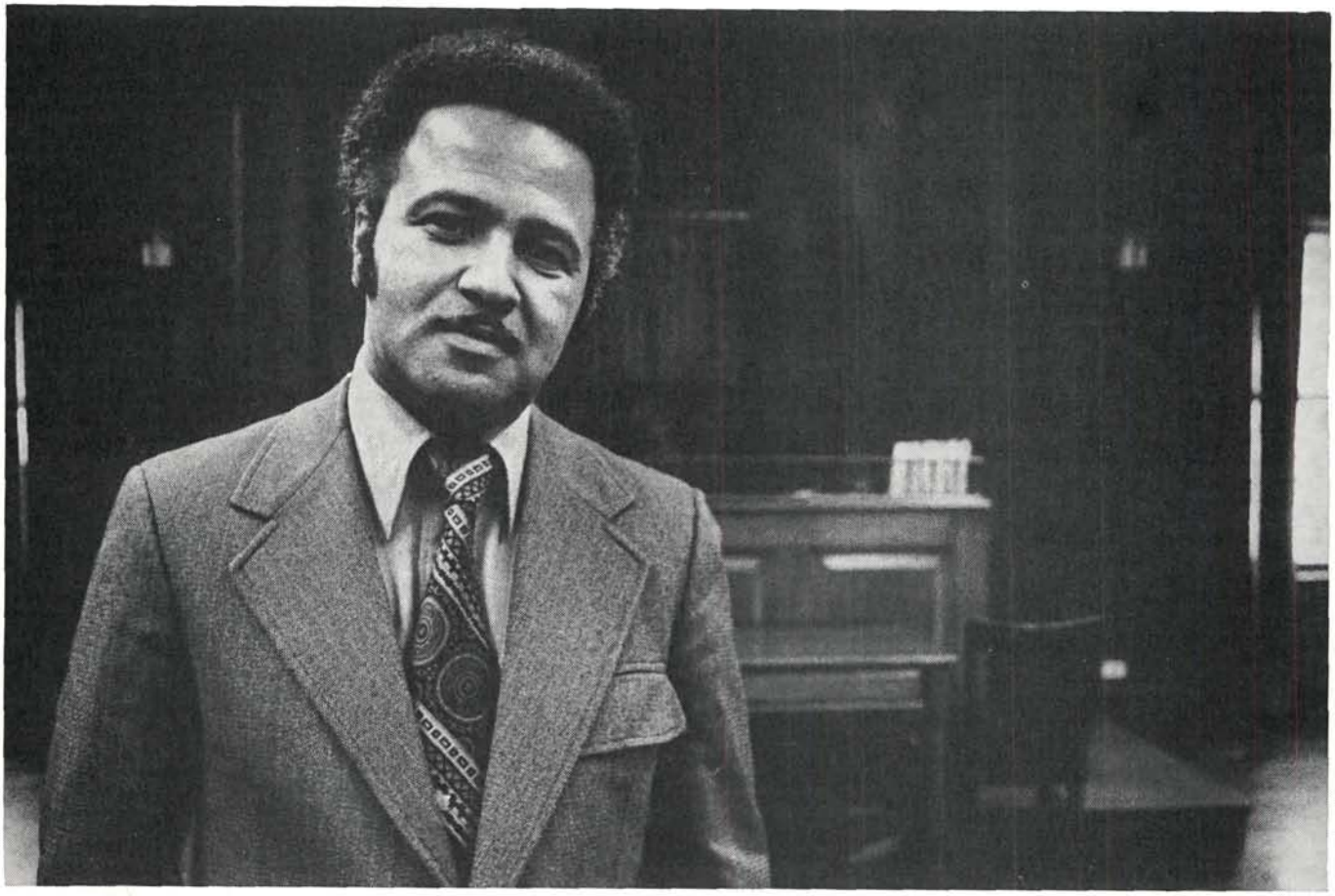

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ELLIS E. REID

HOME: Chicago

AGE: 38

PROFESSION: Attorney

HOBBIES: Art, travel, good restaurants.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Exorcist"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Elected President Cook County Bar Association (second term). Started scholarship fund for minority law students. Directs a lawyer's reference plan for the poor.

QUOTE: "The Law must be available to all. For study, for protection, for justice. Working for those goals has made being an attorney more rewarding than I had ever hoped."

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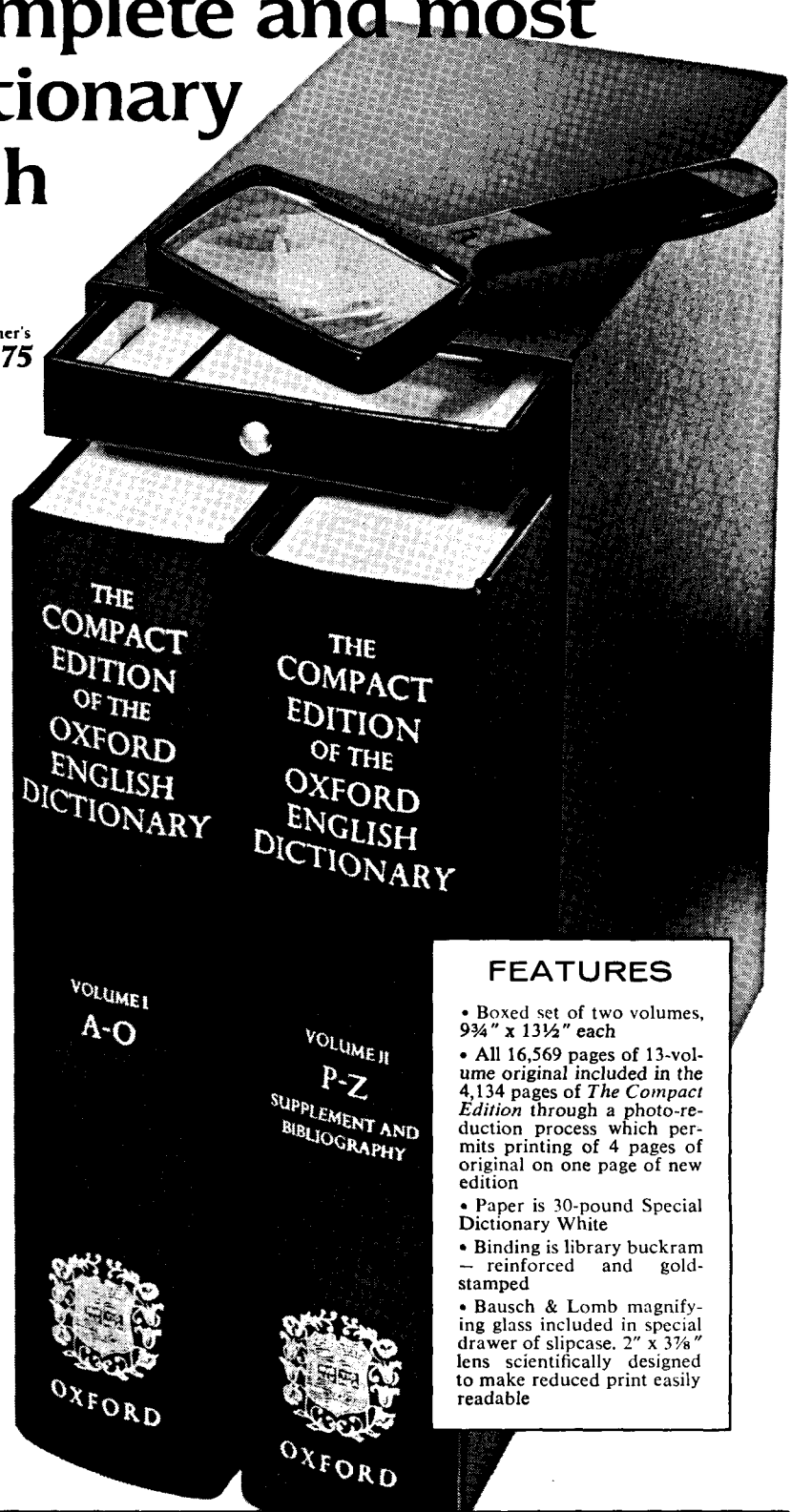

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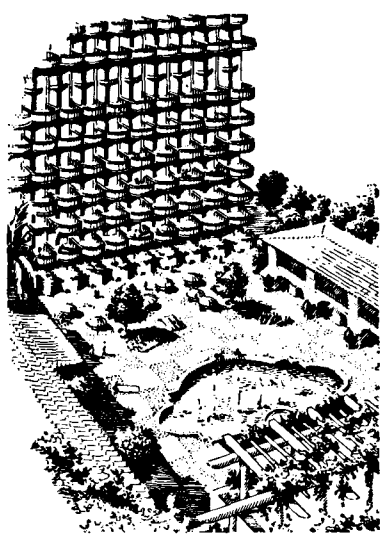

And we probably wouldn't have taken the trouble to finish our new pool with hand laid mosaic tile. Or deck the patio with tile and brick. Gas lamps light the area. Dozens of lemon and orange trees surround it. And for the moments between sun and swim, there is a mini gym, a sauna and the Don Quixote snack bar.

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Vol. 2, No. 18

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World Progress Report

Disarming Britain

In addition to other quaint and endearing customs, Great Britain has long been celebrated for the reluctance of its felons to bear arms. The emulation of this practice by the constabulary has resulted in a relatively low level of bloodshed on both sides of the law. On the other hand, in the United States both criminal and cop are traditionally armed to the teeth, collaborating in a bloody history of murder and mayhem.

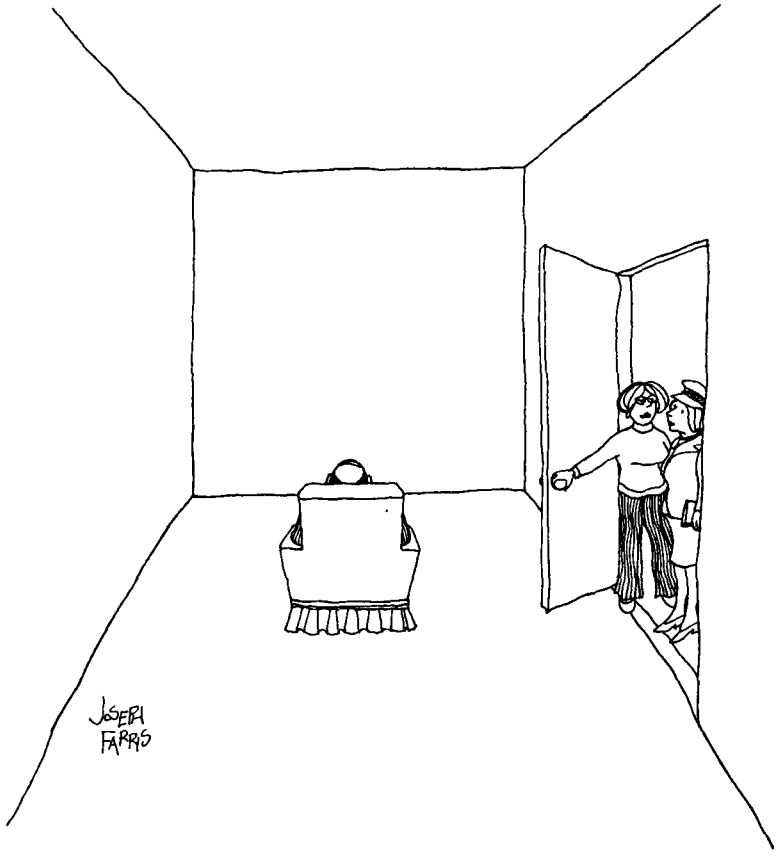
Ironically, the United States persistently rejects effective gun-control laws, while relatively disarmed England has recently moved to tighten its already stringent regulations. Under a proposed law, the British sportsman's fowling piece and the collector's antique muzzle-loader will come under the same strict controls as rifles and handguns. The police will issue ownership permits only if the owner has a valid reason for possessing the gun and only if the police are convinced that the weapon will pose no threat to public safety. Protection against theft and unauthorized transfer of the weapon will be specifically required, and the ammunition supply will be controlled. The new prohibition even extends to the manufacture, import, and sale of toy guns and replicas realistic enough to be used in crimes.

Baby Food

The very latest advice for new mothers and mothers-to-be sounds much like doing what comes naturally. A report from the World Health Organization cautions against the growing worldwide trend away from breast feeding.

The author, Dr. Derrick B. Jelliffe of the University of California's School of Public Health, claims that mother's milk has "for countless generations been time tested as the ideal food for infants." But, he worries, the modern "fashion" of bottle feeding has "caught on with the better-off classes in urban areas of developing countries and, even worse, continues to spread among the less well-to-do."

According to Dr. Jelliffe, the waste of breast milk, "a specially adapted food for young children, represents one of the major nutritional problems of the world today." The problem is economic as well: "Not only is breast milk impossible to imitate—despite manufacturers' claims—but the cost of cows' milk preparations remains beyond the means of the average family of the developing world."



"This is Wilfred's recovery room."

If all the mothers throughout mainland Asia stopped breast feeding their infants, calculates the WHO report, it would require a dairy herd of 114 million cows to compensate the milk deficit.

As for expectant mothers, a Senate committee in Washington recently heard expert testimony opposing the tradition of strictly limiting maternal weight gain during pregnancy. Studies conducted in Taiwan and Guatemala concluded that improved maternal diet, including higher caloric intake, significantly reduced the incidence of "high risk" babies. Such babies, weighing less than five-and-one-half pounds at birth, are especially susceptible to infant mortality and mental and physical retardation.

Dr. Jean-Pierre Habicht of the Pan American Health Organization reported that the addition of 20,000 calories to the mother's diet during pregnancy reduced the percentage of underweight babies in Guatemala from twenty to five. Another witness, Dr. Myron Winick, director of the Institute of Human Nutrition at Columbia University, recommended a weight gain during pregnancy of from twenty-five to thirty pounds, instead of the sixteen to twenty pounds prescribed by current popular lore. "The one single factor which correlates most strongly, in all types of populations, with infant birth weight," according to Dr. Winick, "is maternal weight gain during pregnancy. Statistically, the more the mother gains during pregnancy, the heavier the infant."

Eternal Youth

Scientists in California are testing a new synthetic-hormone insecticide, trade named Altosid, that kills mosquitoes by preventing them from maturing. Developed by the Zoecon Corporation—a spin-off from a company producing birth-control hormones for people—the new chemical is one of a "third generation" of pesticides that avoids the ecological side effects of earlier poisons by intervening discretely and biologically in the life cycle of the target insect. For instance, Altosid mimics the mosquito's natural juvenile hormone, which maintains the insect at an early stage of development until another hormone triggers the onset of maturity. By keeping the mosquito from growing up, the synthetic juvenile hormone forestalls reproduction and in the process prevents the attacks on humans that are part of the reproductive cycle. While work continues on Altosid to enhance its ability to keep mosquitoes young forever, a host of biological insecticides are being developed to prolong other hormone-controlled stages of growth in a whole catalogue of insect pests.

ANTHONY WOLFF

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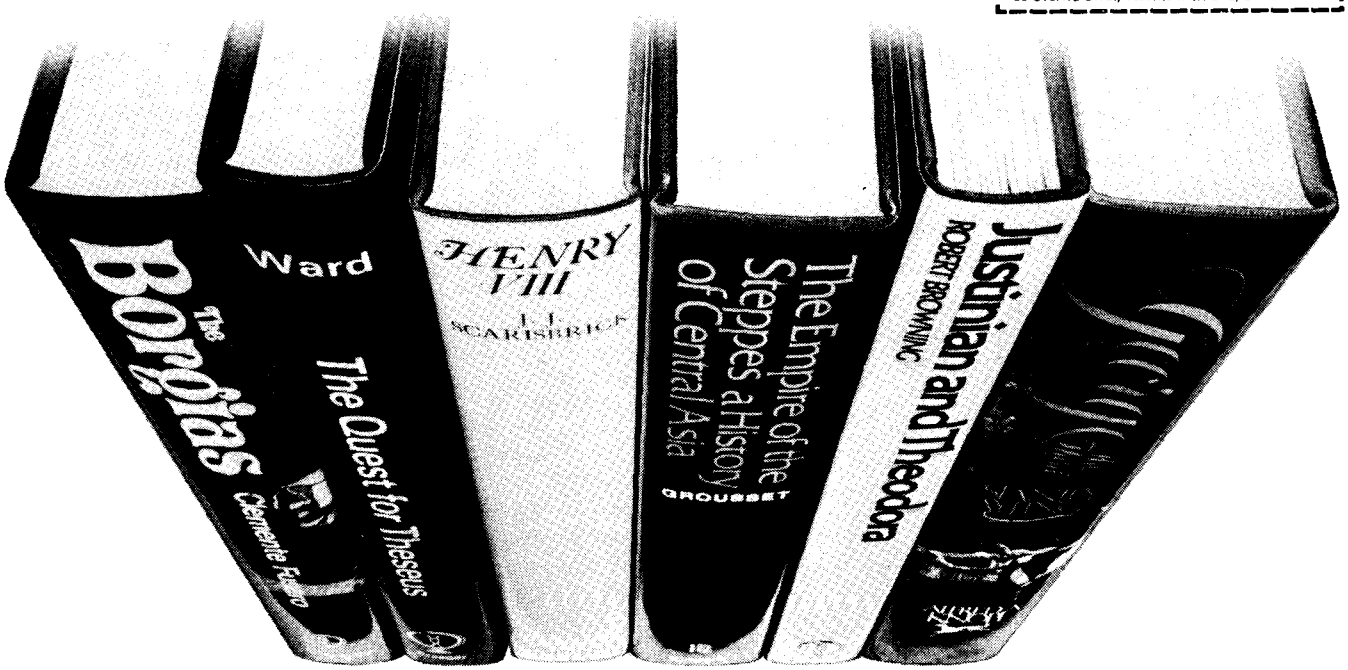

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Top of the World

by Goodman Ace

Room Service

It is a tightly held secret that the public relations men of all the famous hotels across the country have been seething over the free daily front-page and TV publicity lavished on the Watergate Hotel. During a hush-hush meeting held recently, they began a campaign to recapture some of that space and TV time. Present were representatives of all the big-name hotels—from New York's Waldorf Astoria, to Chicago's Ambassador East, to California's Beverly Hills, and all the Holiday Inns between. The agenda consisted of one simple item: How to Beat the Watergate Rap. But the solution found the hotel men widely divided.

"As I see it," said the man from beautiful Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs, "the Watergate image can easily suborn the entire hotel industry. We should direct our energies toward public statements and advertising telling prospective guests that all our hotels are clean —free from any phone-tapping or bugging instruments."

"I disagree," said the man from New York's Plaza Hotel. "That kind of talk and advertising will never make any front page or TV newscast. Editors are interested only in sensationalism. The last time the Plaza made the front page was when Zsa Zsa was robbed at our hotel of a couple hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewelry."

"Right," said Baltimore Sheraton. "People across the land have sat at their TV sets for weeks, lapping it up. Being clean won't do the job. We've got to move up into the new century. Phone tapping and bugging have become part of our great American heritage. The Watergate caper was a godsend to that hotel."

"You can say that again," said another man. "If you think you've had troubles consider what I've gone through. I represent the Madison Hotel in our nation's capital. The forgotten hotel. A mighty fine hotel, I might add. And I'll bet none of you fellows can remember we're in town. I say if we can't beat 'em, we have to join 'em. Fight Watergate with fire, I say."

"Hear! Hear!" said the crowd.

"Just a minute," said the representative of one of the Holiday Inns in Baton Rouge. "If you people are suggesting we run our hotels like the Watergate did, I'm dead set against it."

"Hold on there," said the representative of the Newport Inn in Newport Beach, California. "Aren't you the Baton Rouge man who voted for McGovern in the last election?"

"I am. And I'd do it again."

"Boo!" said the crowd.

"You mean," continued Newport Inn, "you're still in favor of McGovern's plan to give every family in this country a thousand dollars?"

"Why not?" asked Baton Rouge. "There are about 50 million families in our nation. If we had given them each a thousand dollars, it would have come to $50 billion. Now you take the stock market. The Dow Jones average has dropped more than 100 points since election day, November 7. Stocks that were valued back then, according to the New York Stock Exchange, at $863 billion, have now dropped to a value of $756 billion. A loss of around $100 billion. So what did you gain by voting against McGovern's plan?"

"Mumblemumblemumble," mumbled the crowd.

"Nevertheless," said Newport Inn, "and in spite of all those radical figures, I have a motion to make. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to beat Watergate at its own game, in order that hotel men throughout the land can stay in business, I move that in all our advertising we include the line Free Phone Taps and Free Wall-to-Wall Bugs.

There was some dissension about the connotations of that phrasing; so the line was changed to Free Phone Tapping and Free Wall-to-Wall Bugging.

"I second the motion," shouted a voice from the back of the room.

"Please identify yourself," said Newport Inn.

"I represent the Howard Johnson's chain. And while I have the floor, may I suggest that if any of your hotels are not located across the way from a Howard Johnson's, our company stands ready, with our prefab construction know-how, to put up, overnight, a Howard Johnson's across from your hotel, equipped to ensure proper reception of your tappings and buggings."

"Bravo!" said the crowd.

"Aloha!" said the Hawaiian Hilton man.

"Before we adjourn," said Newport Inn, "I want to stress one important point of this new room service. Safety. The men hired to run the equipment we install must be top-notch electronic engineers so that nothing will go wrong.

"Like I told the Committee to Re-elect after the Watergate break-in, 'That's what you get for hiring non-union plumbers.' "

"They say you're dead if you stop looking . . . so I keep looking."

WIT TWISTER NO. 3

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

In springtime's — — — — —
exults each frothing brook.
Within, where — — — — —
their homely comfort lend,
The dame — — — — — tattered
pages in her Book
And works with — — — — —
and thread its seams to mend.
While neighbors' — — — — —
are crammed with restless
dreams,
Her soul, brimful, rejoices like the
streams. A. S.

Answer, see page 60.

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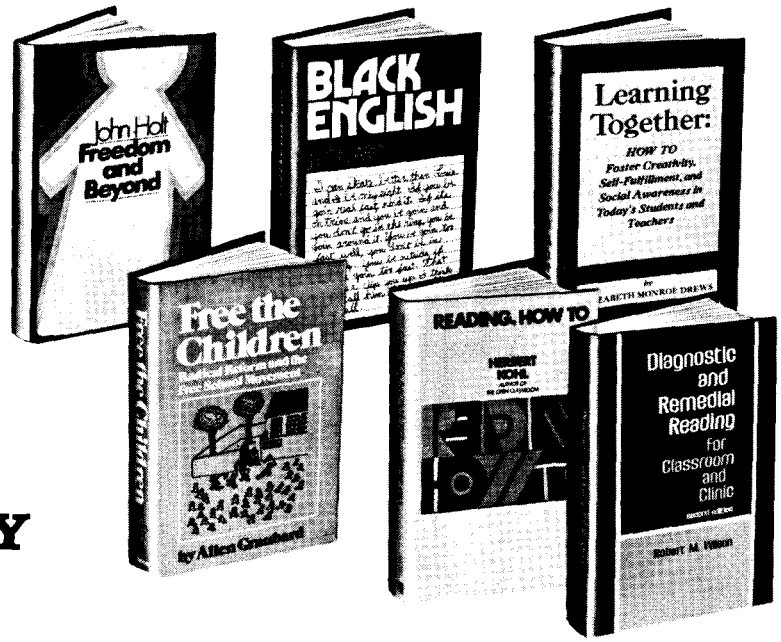
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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

Have a quote—from Bobby Murcer of the New York Yankees. "I can see why Hank Aaron gets a little disgusted. People say if Aaron breaks Ruth's record, it won't really be like he's breaking it. That's nonsense. Babe Ruth never had to hit a knuckler or a slider."

Well, sir, now we've heard everything. The last time we looked, Mr. Murcer was complaining about having to hit an occasional spitball. In case Mr. Murcer doesn't know it, in Ruth's day there were pitchers who threw nothing *but* spitballs. Not to mention pitchers who threw shineballs, emery balls, buckleballs, and you name it. In 1920 "doctoring" the ball was officially outlawed, but—now get this—"known spitballers" were permitted to finish out their careers! There were *nineteen* of them.

Somehow we would love to have seen Mr. Murcer at bat—or, rather, bat at—Grover Cleveland Alexander, Walter Johnson, Lefty Grove, or Carl Hubbell. These modern players are terrific, all right. For a while we thought the Mets' Cleon Jones might break Lou Gehrig's record—in reverse, that is—for consecutive games not played. All, of course, through the miracles of modern medicine.

Let's face it. In baseball today the only thing that is bigger and better and faster than it was in the old days is the ball itself. We have nothing against Hank Aaron who, as modern ballplayers go, is at least comparable to the old-timers. But if Babe Ruth had hit the same baseball that Aaron hits, he would have had, in a single season, over 100 home runs. You don't believe it? All right, let's look at the record. The year the Babe hit sixty, 1927, two whole teams, Boston and Cleveland, had no one who hit more than six. The next year, the year Ruth hit fifty-four, the Chicago White Sox had no one who hit more than *three*.

And don't give us that argument that Ruth hit his home runs to a 295-foot Yankee Stadium right field, whereas Aaron had to hit them to a 330-foot Atlanta left field. The fact is that in most of the ball parks today, Aaron's 330 feet is fairly general, whereas in Ruth's day only four ball parks had 330-foot fields, and three of them had far more—Boston, 358; Chicago, 362; Detroit, 372. In 1931 the average distance of the left, center, and right fields of the eight ball parks Ruth played in was 378 feet; today the average of the twelve major ball parks that Aaron plays in is 328—50 feet less.

Then, too, don't forget those "at bats." When Hank Aaron comes to bat and hits his 715th home run, breaking Babe Ruth's record of 714, he will have been at bat—slowly now—approximately *3000 times* more than the Babe. Hank Aaron will have averaged a home run every sixteen times at bat. The Babe averaged a home run every 11.8 times at bat.

The offense rests.

Our Business Card of the month was furnished by Samuel Strouse of Baltimore, Maryland, who was given it by a guide in Mexico:

Horacio Dorantes Tovar
Hotel Ixtapan
Inglesh Speaking Guide

Maybe he'd be happier in Frinch.

On the Home Front, too, there was trouble in this regard—as witness a communication we received from an employee of the New York Port Authority, who asked for anonymity. The communication was headed "Career Development Opportunity." Underneath was the line, "A Call for Volunteers: Reading Tutors Wanted":

> The Port Authority, through the jointly sponsored efforts of the Personnel Departments' Career Development Division and the Equal Opportunities Programs Office, has enrolled as an affiliate member of the Literacy Volunteers of America. L.V.A. is an organization aimed at combating the problem of illiteracy through a program of one-to-one tutoring.

Well, two heads can't be any worse than one.

Fashion News—as supplied by Barbara Searle, who came across it in the *San Jose Mercury:*

BARE BREASTS HOLD
SWAY IN PARIS

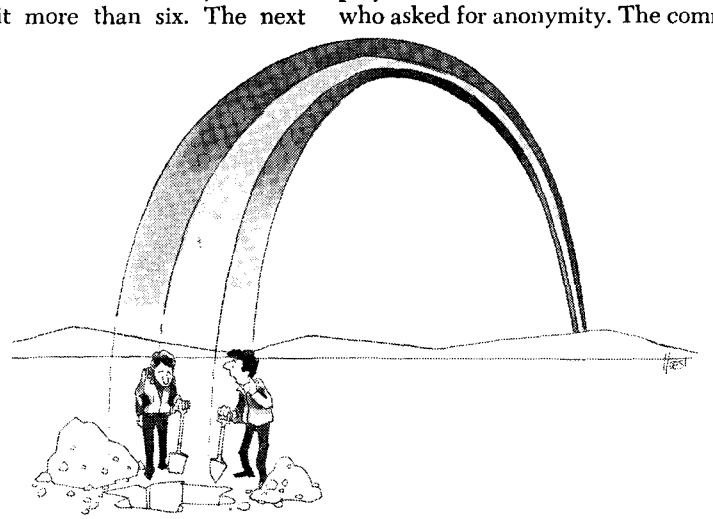
> Paris (AP)—At first you could see them at St. Tropez, that French seaside test base for the scantily dressed. Last week they sprang out in the heart of conservative Nice, only sixty miles up the coast. Now they have come to light in downtown Paris—women who sun-bathe in public without a brain.

Gee, we never knew that was the issue.

Top Classified Department — as located by Mrs. Marcus Rohlfs of Seattle, in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer:*

> My boat and motor has disappeared from Martha Lake, Alderwood Manor, since June 10. I send my wishes that the boat breaks in half in mid-lake and that your mother is unsuccessful in attracting help as she runs barking along the shore.

Now that's what we call a classified with class.



"Maybe it's at the other *end."*

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-GRAM NO. 30

R(ONALD) J. FIELDS:
W.C. FIELDS BY HIMSELF

The advantages of John Barleycorn* over dogs are legion. Whiskey does not need to be . . . wormed, it does not need to be fed, it never requires a special kennel. . . . Whiskey sits quietly in its . . . nook until you want it. True, whiskey has a nasty habit of running out, but then so does a dog.

*Changed from *whiskey* to get the *j*

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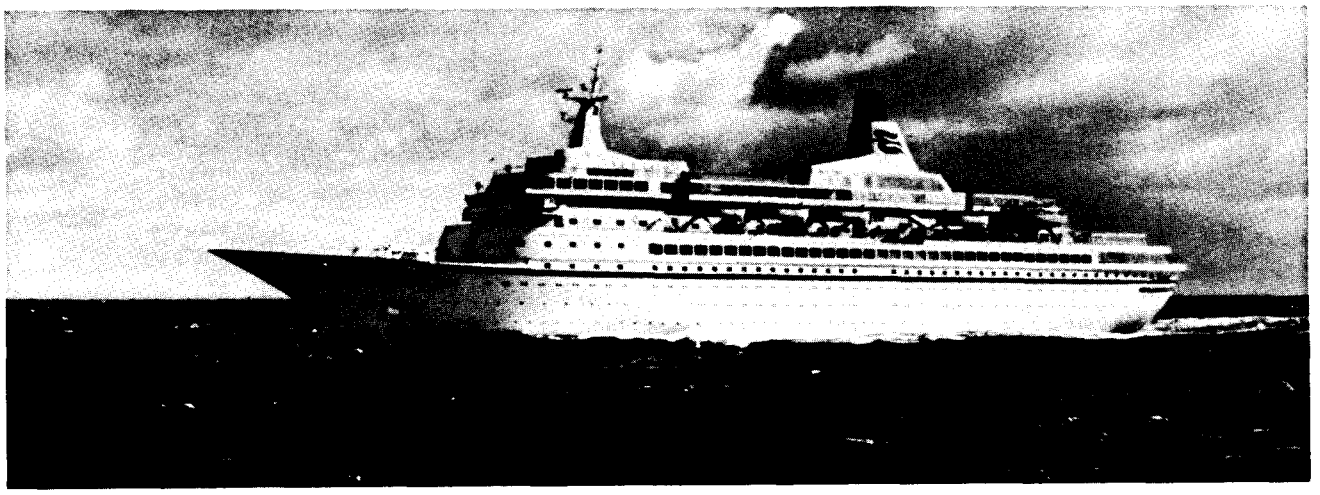
THE VIKINGS CAPTURE AFRICA.



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As I Was Saying

by John Ciardi

TWO POEMS

A Conversation With Leonardo

It was a stew of a night. The power failed,
killing the air conditioner. And the windows sealed.
I flailed off the one sheet and lay spread eagle.

The instant I wilted to sleep Leonardo pounced,
drew his great circle round me on the sheet,
tried fitting hands, feet, head to one turned ratio.

Ah, the greatness of lost causes! "I could have told you,"
I said, "if what you're after is ideal proportion,
you're sketching the wrong times." He frowned.

"A collector," he said, "can always use deformity
among examples, but only if lost within it
there hides a memory of man to illustrate."

"You are thinking," I said, "of Praxiteles and beyond,
to that business of God's image, which is harmony
as measured by that famous scholastic hole

in Plato's head, where nothing is really real
but the abstraction of nothing—of the idea
of the abstraction of nothing—to an absolute.

After you, blessed maestro, came genre—the thing
measured not by absolutes but by other examples
of the same school. I am, alas, *that* man."

"Forgive me," he said, "I seem to hear you claim
an absolute irrelevance as a poor excuse
for what there's no excuse for." "None," I said,

"but a reverence for what was never there.
God measures perfection and crock measures pot."
—"You make me grateful I died in God's formed day"

"Master," I answered, "do you imagine God
is thinking you in this sequence? I'm
thinking you, more reverently, I daresay,

than he would be inclined to, were he inclined."
He looked away: "If I sense what you mean,
I am obliged to add that the thought disturbs me."

"Great Soul," I said, "how else could we have fallen
out of your circle but in that same disturbance
no man asked for and none yet has welcomed?"

"Thank you for a theme," he said. "I shall try
a drawing of it. If it lives on paper—
if I can make it live—I may understand."

"I wish I could hold to this same dream," I told him,
"until it contains that drawing." "Perhaps," he said,
"it will be in one that comes later." "I will live for that,"

I said. But woke. The air was soup. The power still off.
It was pointless to try for sleep again in nature.
I went down and opened a bottle and sat to the dark.

An Apology for Not Invoking the Muse

Erato popped in. What a talent for suspicion!
"Now what?" she said. I thought I knew.
"I am writing an unimportant poem," I told her.

She slammed her lute down on my desk.
Slammed it so hard it shook the air forever.
Even in anger she gives off such sounds.

I cannot summon an adequate emotion
except in sensing how all loss belittles
what's left to make a truth of.

"Who authorized that?" she wanted to know.
"Honey," I said, "do I have to check with you
before I scratch an itch? This was a small one

in a minor crease I needn't specify
except to say we all have some—I mean
we mortals—and they do burn."

Was I being unreasonable? She chose to wail:
"Four thousand years of lute lessons in those crags
in a suffered dream of tuning types like you,

and you show your gratitude by scratching creases!"
—Nothing is more demanding than a woman
who has given everything. Yet, how she glowed!

"Darling," I said, "you were born to natural grandeur.
I worship you for it. Gratefully. I've prayed
to be worthy of you. It's no use:

I am small, dull, subject to gravity, and locked
to these creases that itch and must be scratched
by those who haven't had your advantages.

Besides—may I add?—this unimportant poem
is outbulging Doric proportion. Less
would be better than more, being more to the fact."

She glared nobility. "Are you one of mine
and still dare speak of unimportant poems?
The least song, clod, consumes the singer!"

"Angel," I pleaded, "not everything's an *Aeneid*—
which would make it Calliope's business, to begin with—"
She flatted: "You leave my sister out of this!"

—"I mean, I love you most for the sweet small
that trembles to a silence it awakens
and echoes back a ghost, when you let me say it."

"*I* let you say it? You didn't even invoke me!
You haven't invoked me in over forty years!"
I recalled my first trembling toward her and burned with
shame.

"Beloved," I said, "I didn't want to bother you.
I thought I could say this little on my own,
the way it happens to us in our smallness."

She touched one chord and was herself again—
I have never seen her more glorious—then leaned down
to read what I had written, then stood tall.

"See for yourself what comes of that!" she said,
and struck her lute and was gone wherever she goes
to the silence trembling after her. In silence

I read what I had written, and despaired.
How had I dared imagine I might dare
be only what I am?

and yet . . .

and yet. . . □

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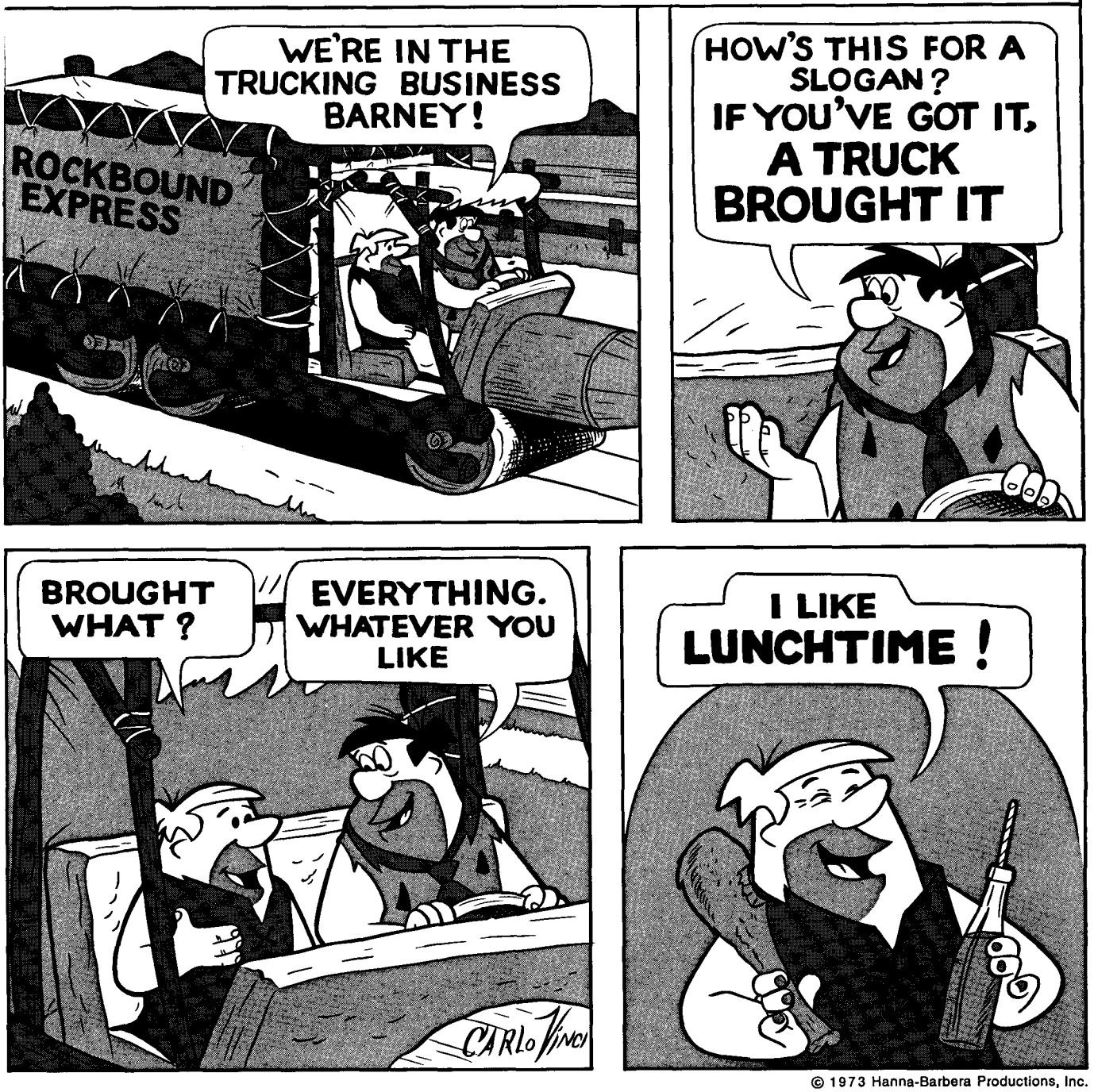
FRED and BARNEY drive the INTERSTATES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WATERGATE AND HIROSHIMA

History is a vast early warning system. Human societies have gone into decline not because people were indifferent to dangers but because they were oblivious to signs. What is most striking about Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War* is that the causes he described were no less visible than the effects he deplored. The signals were there but the Greeks looked elsewhere. The Roman Empire didn't just come to the edge of a precipice and then take one step too many. Rome stumbled many times before it fell. Centuries before Gibbon, Polybius was chronicling his eye-witness observations of potential disaster in ancient Rome.

It is doubtful whether any civilization has ignored more signals than our own. These signals have not peeked out at us from the crevices of small events. They have jumped at us from mammoth circumstances and collisions; they have been as bright and potent as the flash of nuclear explosions. They have illuminated every major event since Hiroshima. The blazing message of these signals is that the instruments of force have become greater than the instruments of control. The result is that the human race, beginning with Hiroshima, has been desperately out of balance. It has arrived at a point where it knows more about the techniques of self-destruction than about the techniques of survival.

The clear challenge, therefore, is to eradicate the habit of war, since war has represented the main direction of history. And the inevitable question that has been with us since Hiroshima is whether wisdom can catch up with force and whether control can become institutionalized before nuclear power becomes universalized.

In a curious and terrifying way, the events of Watergate have a stark bearing on these questions. By Watergate, of course, is meant not just the break-in at Democratic party headquarters by the bungling burglars but all the disclosures about the impulsive, arbitrary, and even illegal use of government authority and power. The revelations of thousands of air bombings of Cambodia—bombings the President, the Secretary of State, and the Department of Defense denied ever took place—represent sober warnings that acts of war can be set in motion outside the structural safeguards that most of us had thought were assured.

The present situation is that the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, France, and China all have large stockpiles of nuclear explosives. Two of those nations, the United States and the Soviet Union, also have fingertip capability of dispatching those explosives by missile to any point on the globe. These two nations have entered into agreements to limit their further military development, but those agreements have not affected the size of the nuclear stockpiles or the existence of the instant delivery system or the circumstances that could dictate their use.

Into the midst of this situation of total jeopardy is now injected history's greatest absurdity. It is that the human race need have no apprehension because available destructive power is so ghastly that no nation would dare use it. A parallel absurdity is that the fear of retaliation is enough to restrain anyone from initial use of such force. These twin Strangelovian absurdities come under the heading of a balance of terror. They assume the kind of rationality that would not have permitted the present situation to develop in the first place. They assume that no men at the heads of government will be vindictive or paranoid or megalomaniacal or even puny. It is by no means a historic rarity that men at the top have had warped ideas or have been monstrously irrational or irresponsible or just evil. The struggle for a civilized society is synonymous with the need to protect human beings against such men.

The biggest need of the age, therefore, is not to assume the existence of responsibility but to create the mechanisms of restraint. Such restraint should not come into play only at the point where an ultimate button can be pressed. The restraint must be part of a full and comprehensive and workable system governing the circumstances that could set the stage for force.

We have not been moving in the direction of such structured restraint. We have been moving in the direction of greater surreptitious and undercover use of force. We have heard the argument that men in authority should be able to act outside the Constitution if they see a threat to the national security. If those men interpret that argument to mean they have the right to drop bombs on human beings, then what is to stop them from using the most powerful explosives in the nation's arsenal? Are we en route to one of the ghastliest ironies in history—the fact that the world could be plunged into a nuclear war without anyone knowing what caused it? Is it contended that only the President has the power to activate the big bombs? To the extent that this is true, the need for apprehension deepens further still.

Who, then, will exercise control? This is just the point. Control has to be part of a far larger design than has been generally accepted. The danger is to the species and not just to the nation. Therefore, the design must be adequate to the danger. This is what the delegates of the United Nations should be talking about. This is what the great debates on foreign policy should be about. This is what the danger signals have been all about since Hiroshima. N.C.

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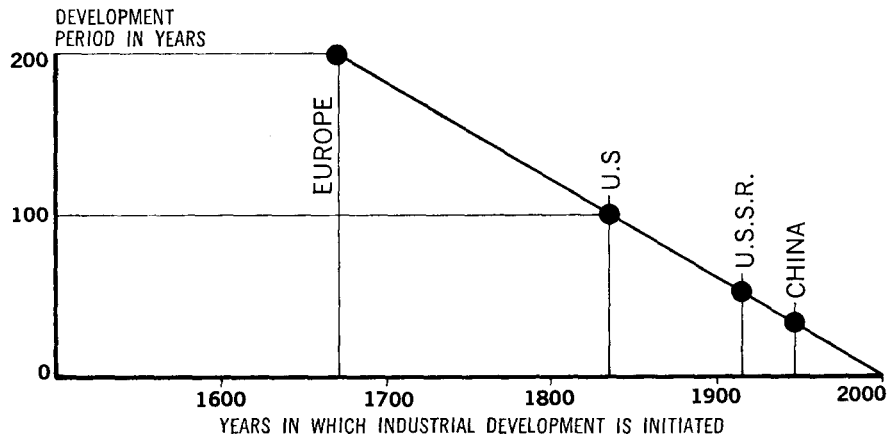
Letters From Readers

Plotting Progress

Buckminster Fuller's article (*Geoview*, July 3) made me wonder if efforts for development by underdeveloped nations are premature. To investigate this, I plotted the following graph:



This demonstrates that by waiting until the year 2000, nations will be developing overnight—literally.

It used to disturb me that many nations seem to be progressing so slowly in their industrial development and correspondingly in their population-control measures. With the aid of Dr. Fuller's article, I can now see that patience is indeed an asset as well as a virtue.

Roderick L. Hall
Placeville, California

The Logic of Experience

I thoroughly enjoyed Leo Rosten's column (*Diversions*, June 5), but I do feel that Handsome Lake arrived at his idea of a controlled experiment, not from "inductive logic," but rather from the bitter fact of long experience with the ravages of firewater *before* he hit the sawdust trail, as it were. It appears to me that a reformed Indian drunk is not much different from a reformed white drunk.

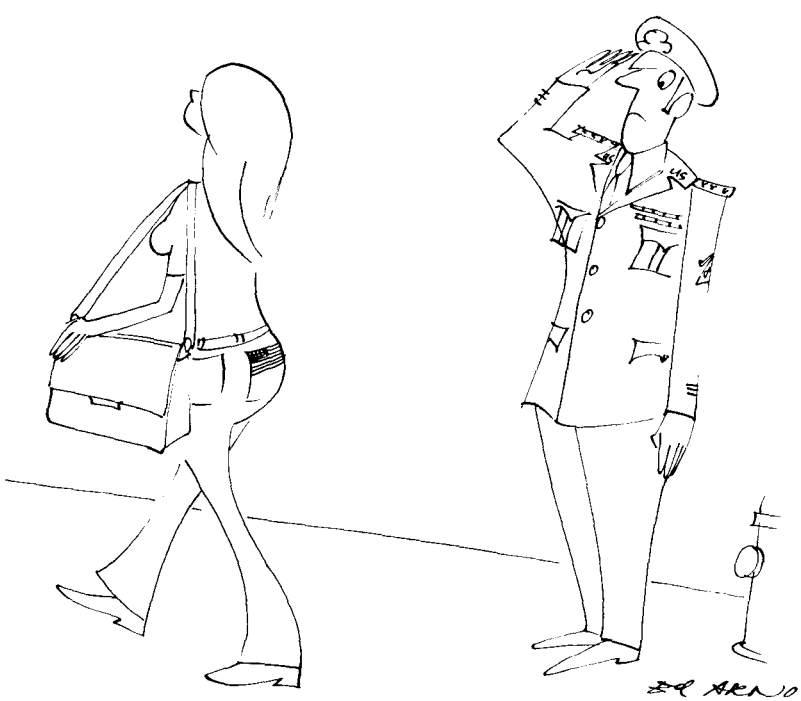
W. H. Hutchinson
Chico, California

Biblical Lib

I would like to remind Thomas Middleton that, contrary to the impression he seeks to give that the Bible uses the masculine-appearing "fellows" for girls (*Light Refractions*, June 19), the original Hebrew, in fact, uses a feminine word for "fellows"—*reoteha* (her friends). The Hebrew quite specifically indicates that Jephthah's daughter went with girl friends to her retreat.

Hebrew has no neuter terminology; nouns are either masculine or feminine. It is the King James version of 1911 that gives the neuter, or bisexual, imprint to the word "fellows."

Curt Leviant
Edison, New Jersey



Heteronymously Speaking

I was delighted with the article on games (*As I Was Saying*, May 22); I believe the world needs more frivolity to make its load bearable and thought you might be interested in a variant that has kept me and my acquaintances busy for the last few months.

An advertisement in our local newspaper for polished sewers set me on edge. At first blush I found it difficult to understand why anyone would need anyone to polish our waste system. But soon I realized that the ad was a serious search for competent needleworkers. Reaching back into my formal education, I remembered there were homonyms, synonyms, antonyms, and something else that described the phenomena of two words with the same spelling but different pronunciations generating substantially different meanings.

I spent a year digging through old grammar books and dictionaries but could not find the word *heteronym* until I scratched the inventiveness of a visiting Greek scholar. Having gotten the word, I became a compulsive heteronym collector.

We have identified at least three classes of heteronyms, some of which are far more worthy of the frivolous wordsmith than others. For instance, totally unrelated words that have no rational explanation for the similarities of their spelling seem to be far more worthy than those that are verb forms of nouns (e.g., entrance, intimate, number, console, dingy, does). Thus we have affixed point values of one to three to the words on our list.

Since we have not been able to find a definitive or any other list of heteronyms, some of us thought that as a further expression of whimsey it might even be fun to form the first heteronymous society, which would perpetuate this example of the irrationality of the English language. But being verbalists rather than activists, we remain helplessly disorganized.

Rima E. Bostick
Kinderhook, New York

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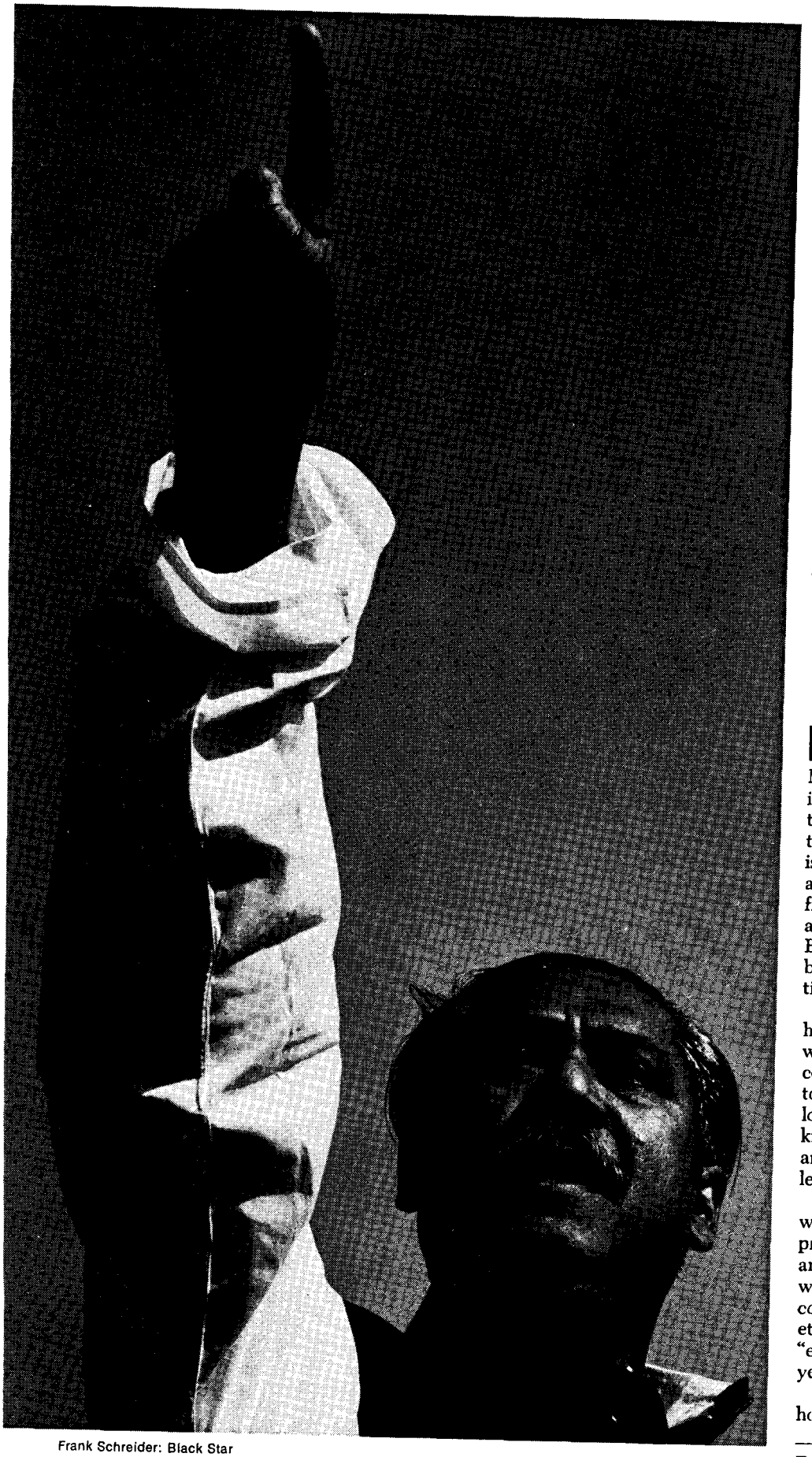

Frank Schreider: Black Star

Sheik Mujibur Rahman—*"I cannot say I have given everyone houses."*

BANGLADESH: THE DREAM BECOMES A NIGHTMARE

Plagued by mismanagement in industry, corruption in government, grinding poverty and famine, the infant state of Bangladesh edges toward total chaos and ruin.

by Donald Kirk

Dacca

It is the morning after the long night of victory and euphoria, and Sheik Mujibur Rahman, head of the new state, is reclining in the lounge of his residence, talking about the struggle for "liberation" and the suffering of his country. It is a year and a half since "Bangabandhu," as he is popularly known, was released from prison in Pakistan and flown here amid cries of Joi Bangla! or "Victory for Bengal," from the multitudes. Bangabandhu, or "Friend of Bengal," never tires of reciting his story.

"They destroyed everything," he says, his voice rising slightly in the passion with which he has mesmerized his countrymen. "Ten to fifteen million had to leave their homes. Their houses were looted. Everything was burned. You know about the damage to the railways and the ports, the killing of the intellectuals, the raping of the girls."

It is an old story, this recitation of the wrongs perpetrated by the Pakistani oppressors, those descendants of the Mogul armies who founded Moslem Pakistan with the partition of the Indian subcontinent in 1947—and ruled over the ethnically alien Moslem Bengalis of the "eastern wing" for the next twenty-four years.

"I cannot say I have given everyone houses," says Bangabandhu, his voice as-

Donald Kirk is Far Eastern correspondent of The Chicago Tribune, *based in Tokyo.*

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suming an air of almost apologetic uncertainty as he shifts from recent history to current problems. "The condition of my people is worse than that of the dogs of Western countries."

It is as if he preferred the role of persecuted critic to that of prime minister of a nation of 75 million. The former freedom fighter, first arrested while a student at Dacca University in 1949, secludes himself on the upper floor of his residence with his advisers and ministers. Through thick, horn-rimmed glasses, he pores over plans to combat starvation, reduce inflation, cut down crime, eliminate corruption—chronic problems in which he gained little or no experience as a popular revolutionary politician.

Indulgent though Bangabandhu may appear, he cannot answer the question, How can a populace dressed in rags be clothed? Indeed, he may not be entirely aware that most of his people own only the tattered pieces of cloth on their backs—and some not even that much. "In certain villages women can't go outside because they do not have enough cloth to cover their faces," says a foreigner who has witnessed the emergence of Bangladesh for the past three years. "There often is no winding cloth for the dead. They used to get some from West Pakistan. Now they buy from India at inflated prices that most people can't afford. They don't need foreign radios or liquor. They need cloth."

A visit to almost any village in the deceptively green flood plain stretching on all sides from Dacca tells the story. Driving with a Bengali journalist on the road running west to the town of Aricha, at the confluence of the Brahmaputra and Ganges rivers, I meet a young student at one of the ferry crossings en route. "Famine is already here because the people have lost their purchasing power," says the student, Fazlul Huq. "Most of the people live on only one meal a day. If this continues, there will be no alternative but to die." Huq gladly escorts us by foot along the bank of the stream to his village, named Chaybaria, some twenty miles southwest of Dacca. In a half-built, unroofed brick-and-cement schoolhouse, begun in what the people now call simply "the Pakistan time," some twenty villagers gather around us as the Bengali journalist interprets my questions.

"The population has increased, and the supply is less," says the village leader, Mohammed Polokhan. "I have never been so unhappy in my life. There is no starvation yet, but the people are living only on bread and sometimes vegetables." Chaybaria, if anything, is above the national average in terms of

(Continued on page 19.)

Bernard Pierre Wolff: Photo Researchers

Edge of Despair—"*How can a populace dressed in rags be clothed?*"

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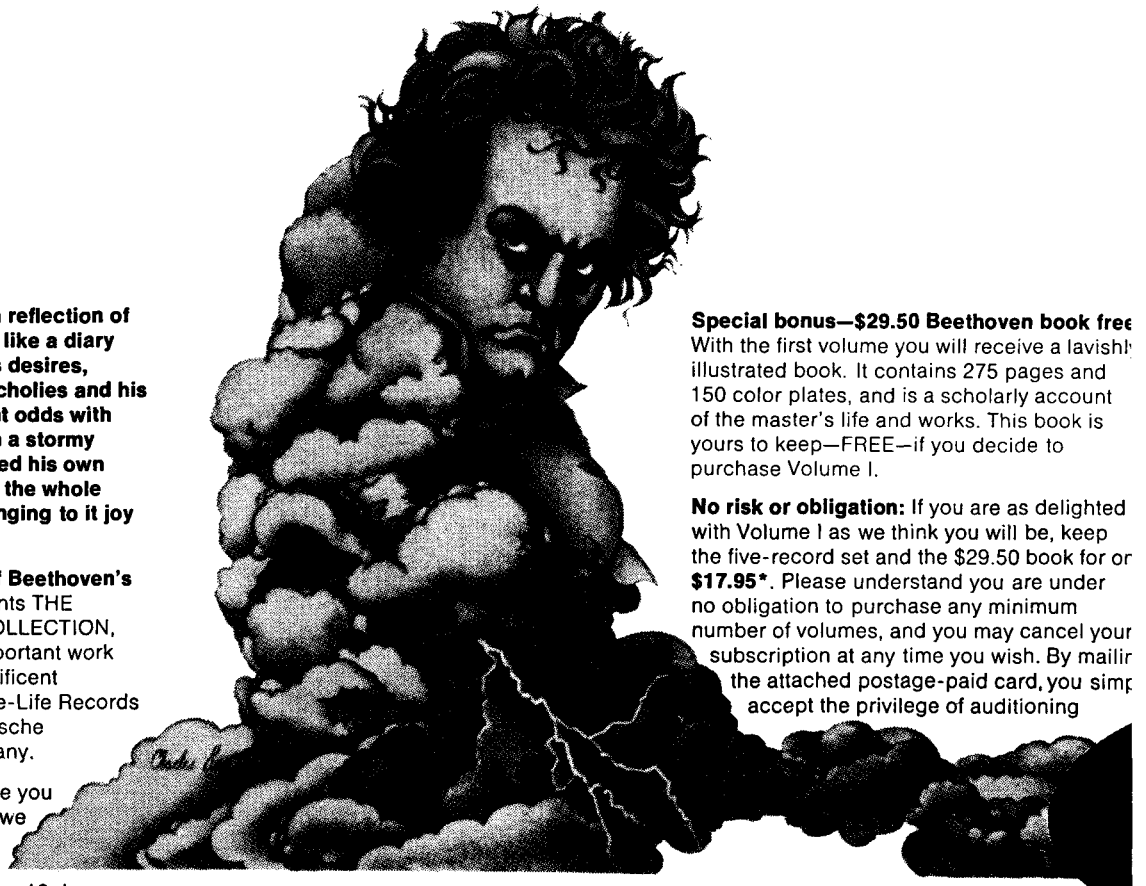

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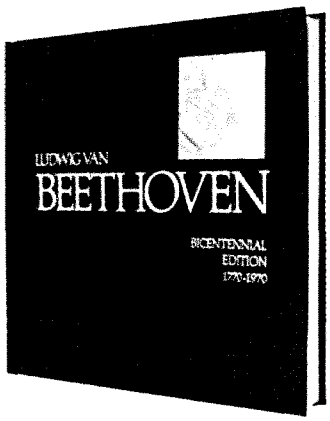

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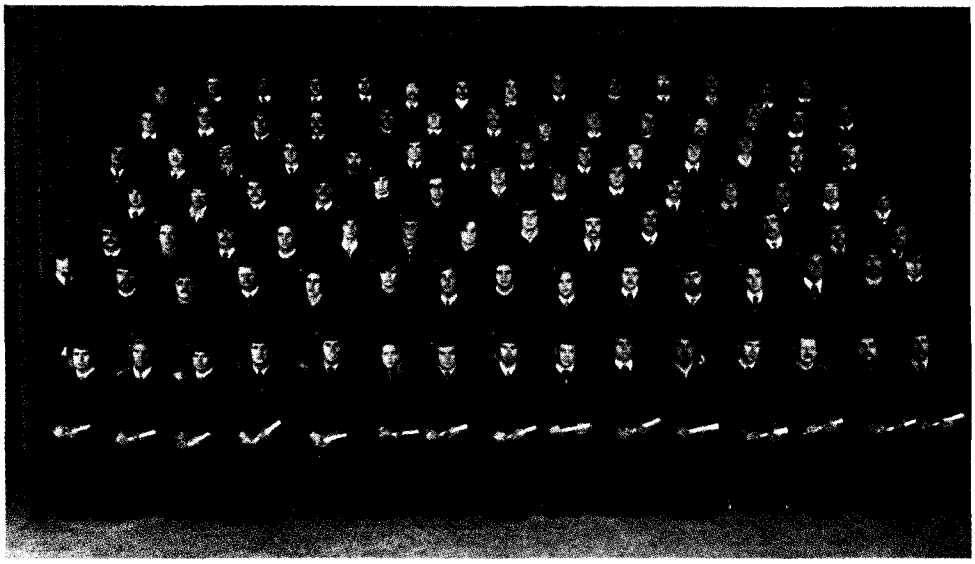

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(Continued from page 15.)
overall prosperity. Most of the men, like Polokhan, own one to three acres of land; more than half of them can read or write simple sentences—in a land with a literacy rate estimated at 18 percent. "Only a few years ago," says Polokhan, at seventy the oldest and therefore most respected man in the village, "everyone had several sets of cloth. Now the prices are too high to purchase more than we are wearing. My wife has only one piece of cloth. When she wants to wash, she has to borrow from a neighbor."

Cloth, in the Islamic tradition, assumes spiritual as well as practical significance. Although not all women veil their faces, as they once did, they cannot leave their homes unless they are swathed at least from neck to ankle. The men must wear clean, fresh clothes when they go to the mosque on Fridays, and winding cloth must cover a body as a prerequisite for a religious burial. "I have not gone to the mosque for months because I cannot dress for it," says Polokhan. "We do not have enough money for winding cloth, so we obtain it from charity." Another villager, a youngish man named Manikmia, notes that eventually even charitable institutions may not offer winding cloth. "Then people will no longer be living—they will just be dying," he says. "In about a year it will happen."

As it is now, most of the women remain indoors—not so much in deference to Moslem tradition as in embarrassment over what they have to wear. "Their saris are torn," says Manikmia. "In two or three villages far from here young women have hanged themselves in shame. They were unhappy because they had nothing to wear for marriage." Here in the village the sense of residual reverence for Bangabandhu seems considerably less certain than it is in the capital. "If the sheik cannot help us, then some other one will rise to power," Manikmia readily predicts.

IT IS LATE AFTERNOON, and a small crowd is gathering outside the iron gates of Bangabandhu's residence. They all have grievances—a group of noisy college students wants Bangabandhu to order their landlord to lower the rent; an aging, white-bearded man hopes to persuade him to spend more time in prayer.

"He is very kindhearted," says a young lecturer accompanying the students. "He is easy on all people, even thieves and beggars. We have confidence in him, though we have many things against his party and his advisers." So there it is—a hint of serious criticism against a man who once was above criticism, the suggestion that *he* might be all right if only he did not have such bad advisers. "He should be more strict," says the lecturer. "He should not have such sympathy for thieves." The holy man, describing himself as a faithful member of the sheik's omnipotent political party, the Awami League, seems to agree. "I don't think Bangabandhu says his prayers any more," says the holy man. "I see corruption and many bad things for this reason."

"In two or three villages . . . young women have hanged themselves in shame."

Not long ago, in the heady days after liberation, Bangabandhu held weekly audiences at which his people could say almost anything they pleased. It was the kind of political gesture that he loved, but then there were too many problems and too many people but not enough time.

For three days one Abdul Majib has been waiting outside the gates, holding a sheath of carefully typewritten letters, all headed "Prayer for Financial Help to a Destitute Family Consisting of Ten Members." Majib, who says he's twenty-five but looks ten or fifteen years older, shows me a copy, the one he hoped would go to the relief minister, whose minions have already turned him back at the door to his office. "Now I have become a street beggar," the letter reads. "My entire family will die of starvation if I am not given some relief or help from the government." Majib can expect little relief from his native village. It is a logical haven for one who has tried and failed in the big city, which has been swollen since the war by more than a million other dispossessed refugees from the ravaged countryside.

Inside the residence Bangabandhu is proud of his government's campaign to feed the people. "We have a serious food problem. Everyone expected a few million would die of starvation. We have fought the battle," he says with an air of having once again triumphed over oppression. It is the old mystique of perpetual revolution, the same kind of aura exuded by the late President Sukarno of Indonesia before his downfall in a mire of corruption, economic malaise, and political rivalries. "My people are very poor," he says, as Sukarno was fond of saying about *his* people, "but my people are good people." He concludes with a flourish of rhetoric: "Bangladesh will overcome. I will fight it out by the grace of God. My people will suffer, but I hope there will be no starvation."

Few observers here—even his political critics—doubt Bangabandhu's own sincerity. In fact, in the past year and a half, his government has imported some 2.5 million tons of grain—a million of it obtained by outright purchase at jacked-up prices, the rest primarily with long-range loans from the United States, India, and Canada. Yet Bangabandhu's good intentions seem to founder on the horrors of his environment as well as on the corruption of his underlings.

"The biggest racket is in the distribution of food and relief supplies," says one foreign source here. "These people in the government—they've been out in the cold for many years. They're hungry." Bengali editors and journalists, proverbially loquacious, are openly critical. "The problems are multiplying day by day," says Enayetullah Khan, editor of the English-language Sunday newspaper *Holiday*. "Every day you see screaming headlines about antigovernment conspirators and charismatic leadership, but the leaders themselves are amassing wealth. A new class of *nouveau riche* has emerged in Bangladesh. It's apparent that those close to the prime minister are making hay while the sun shines."

The fastest path to money in Bangladesh is through the management of newly expropriated companies or the acquisition of import licenses. "These days we have a strange situation," observes editor Khan. "Goods are not available, but prices go up day by day. The entire chain of business has been disrupted. New dealers are appointed who want to make too much profit. Instead of dealing in the products themselves, the government sells licenses to dealers, who drastically raise the price on the retail level." The result is that almost all imports, ranging from radios to liquor to spare parts, cost perhaps ten times their original price. Inflation spreads throughout the economy, driving up the costs of foodstuffs and household commodities—and lowering the value of the taka from its official rate of little more than seven to one American dollar to nearly twenty to one on the "free," or black, market.

The country suffers still more from mismanagement of jute and textile mills, once owned by West Pakistani businessmen. The jute industry, East Pakistan's major source of foreign exchange before "liberation," was not physically damaged in the war, but the mills now operate at only 50 percent of normal capacity. The production of textiles, vital for domestic purposes, is even lower. Again, profiteers on the state-controlled boards are responsible for inflating the prices. "Cloth may cost five takas at the mill but then goes up to fifteen takas on the market," says a textile worker sipping tea at a

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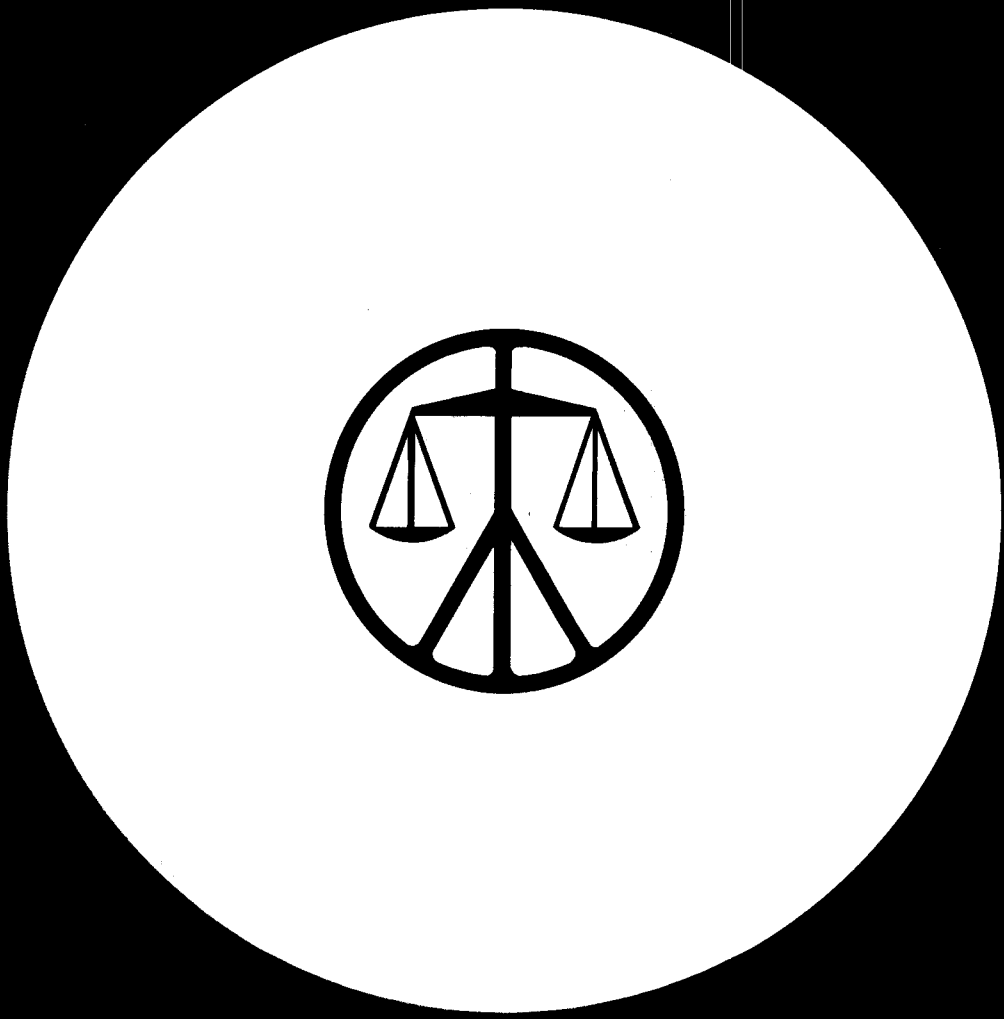

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roadside stand in Tongi, ten miles north of Dacca. "Often when we produce cloth, we never see it on the market at all. The hoarders are waiting for higher prices."

At Tongi's Olympia Textile Mill, one of the largest, a union leader named Mohammed Safrullah describes some of the effects of the transition from private Pakistani to government Bengali control: "The cost of living is so high that our pay does not meet basic necessities. Our mill has 2900 workers, but only 1700 to 2000 normally report for work. The rest are sick. They do not have enough to eat, and the food is not so good. We get only one meal of rice per day. Some people have to depend on wheat, which we don't like." The government corporations, Safrullah explains, "are dominated by bureaucrats who do not understand the grievances of the workers."

Nepotism and favoritism, it seems, are far more common now than before "liberation." "The private owners appointed the proper people for the proper places," says Safrullah. "There was no nepotism. Now there is bungling and corruption at all levels."

In his residence the sheik parries questions about corruption and nationalization with slogans and generalities—again indicative of his frustrating unawareness of mundane realities. "After liberation come two things, corruption and conviction," he says. "There are many modern countries in the world where the situation is worse."

THE IRONY of Bangladesh today is that hatred for the Pakistanis has been followed so quickly by disillusionment with the liberation and the liberators, the Indians. Yet this disenchantment fits into the historical pattern of the Bengali Moslems, whose low-caste Hindu ancestors turned to Islam some four centuries ago as an antidote to social, political, and financial oppression. Now the people of Bangladesh again reveal their fear of India, the troops of which were primarily responsible for the defeat of the Pakistanis. "Scrap Indo-Bangla Secret Pacts," urges a sign painted on the inviting white wall of the American Information Center in Dacca. "The people are now universally anti-Indian," says the outspoken editor Enayetullah Khan. "They are protesting the Indian-Bangladesh friendship pact of March 1972. They think there are secret treaties as well."

Perhaps more to the point, Bengalis object to the high cost of shoddy cloth imported from India—and to the smuggling of precious rice and relief materials back across the border. "There is illegal trade all along the frontier," says Khan. "Merchants get twice as much for rice and jute in India. We've had Red Cross relief blankets, milk, and medicine for Bangladesh being sold on the streets of Calcutta." Officially, Bangladesh bureaucrats pass off the smuggling as just routine. The government for a time posted regular army troops along the border but now has left the entire frontier to the protection of an ill-trained militia organization.

"India is a big country. Criticism is always there," says Bangabandhu. He prefers to talk about the bogey of Pakistan, now a distant enemy separated by 1500 miles of Indian territory. His voice rises as he discusses Pakistan's refusal to release some 300,000 Bengalis living in West Pakistan at the time of liberation. "They have arrested my people. They are torturing them," he says. "They have my senior civil service officers"—veteran bureaucrats who were working in the Pakistani capital of Rawalpindi and interned soon after liberation. Pakistan authorities rounded up the Bengalis as pawns in a great bargaining game also involving some 90,000 Pakistani prisoners of war held in India and 260,000 Biharis living in camps in Bangladesh.

Bangabandhu promises to free the Biharis, all Moslems who migrated to East Pakistan from the Indian state of Bihar, as soon as the Pakistanis acquiesce to his terms. "I am not asking Pakistan for diplomatic recognition," he says. "What I have suggested is they give us back our Bengalis—and take their Pakistanis from Bangladesh."

One hitch is that Bangabandhu also insists on war-crime trials for some 195 senior Pakistani officers and civilian officials. "How can I not try them?" he demands. "They killed three million of our people. They raped our women. They kidnaped them from their homes. What will our women and children think if I yield to Pakistan and return them without trials?"

In the midst of the bargaining, the plight of the Bengalis in Pakistan and the Biharis in Bangladesh represents an extreme of cruelty in the tortuous history of this conflict. "We get rations only twice a month," says one of the Biharis, a middle-aged man named Abdul Aziz, whom I visit in a camp on the outskirts of Dacca. "My son is undernourished and sick and has a fever. My shop was looted during the fighting. Then we were sent to the camp. I want to leave this place as soon as possible, to go anywhere I will be accepted. I cannot work here."

Although built and initially run by the International Red Cross, the camps recently were turned over to the Bangladesh Red Cross. "Before," says Aziz, "we got our rations, but now they sell them on the market or give them to Bengalis." Some sixty persons, members of eight family groups, share a typical thatched-roof building, twenty-by-forty feet. A woman hovering in the shadows looks at the monsoon rain seeping through a tiny hole in the roof, which no one will repair. The children and the elderly try to supplement their rations by begging in town. "Sometimes people shut their doors on me and tell me to get food from the Red Cross," says a gap-toothed old woman. "I cannot go on much longer without food."

IN THE COMFORTABLE air-conditioned confines of the prime minister's residence, Bangabandhu talks quickly and excitedly of the impasse with Pakistan. "One day our people will come home," he vows. "Otherwise their people will not go back."

The endless negotiations would appear to be a political exercise for a government that has lost the support of the masses, for most people in Bangladesh today are just too poor and too hungry to care any more what happens to the Pakistani prisoners or, for that matter, to the Biharis or the Bengalis detained in the camps. □

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My Country, Right or Wrong?

Fragility of Orthodoxies

by U Thant

On April 11, 1958, I spoke before the sixty-second annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, in Philadelphia. The title of my address was "A Burmese View of World Tensions." Of the 400 persons who attended the meeting, some 50 walked out when I said:

> The refusal of the United States to support the admission of China to the United Nations is based on two assumptions: first, that the Peking government's grip on China may be broken at any moment. No one, however, believes this. The second assumption is that the Chinese government's behavior makes it unfit for membership in the world organization. Many instances are cited in support of this view.
>
> In this connection it is important to remember that the main job of the United Nations is to settle disputes without wars. The more the countries disapprove of one another, the more important it is that their accusations and counteraccusations should take place within the organization. Otherwise they may settle their disputes on the battlefield. The United Nations exists precisely to prevent this from happening. By excluding the Peking government, one damages not Peking but the United Nations, which is thereby ruled out as an effective instrument of international conciliation. I believe this is not the intention of U.S. policy but its unhappy consequence.

Wide World

U Thant—*"Today there also appears to be more intelligent thinking worldwide about the future of our planet."*

In the Fifties, particularly after the Korean War, China and the Soviet Union were viewed as the two great sources of evil in the world. In the late Fifties, especially, China began to figure prominently in U.S. missile policy—despite John Foster Dulles's SEATO, which was largely irrelevant from the very beginning. But China's bark has always been worse than her bite: Despite frequent arrogant pronouncements, her attitude toward her neighbors has been consistently correct. In Burma, for example, 1300 miles of which borders China and where the Communist party has been illegal since 1948, although underground Communists still strongly resist the government, Peking has never overtly interfered. Her propaganda has never gone beyond Peking Radio and *Hsinhua* news dispatches. In fact, Premier Chou En-lai told Premier U Nu at a meeting in Peking in November 1954, at which I was present, that the social systems of the two countries were very different but China would not interfere in the internal affairs of Burma so long as U Nu did not accept American military assistance or permit American military bases on Burmese territory. China kept her word, even during the Sino-Burmese communal riots in 1968.

But China continued to be ostracized from the world community; so her voice grew more strident. In fact, in the late Sixties, most Americans believed that the great source of evil in the world was not the Soviet Union but China. Hence the prospect of China's entry into the United Nations became ever more remote. On May 5, 1969, Foreign Minister Pietro Nenni of Italy told me in Rome that, during a meeting in Washington with Secretary of State Dean Rusk, the latter had said, in effect, regarding China's admission to the United Nations, "If Peking is in, Washington is out." Perhaps Rusk chose to make his threat dramatic since Italy was then reassessing its policy toward Peking, but he did, nonetheless, reflect the sentiment of the majority of Americans at that time.

Seven years ago at a press conference, I said the Vietnam war was essentially a civil war. There was thunderous protest, not only by many knowledgeable Americans but by half a dozen government representatives at the United Nations. Now when Dr. Henry Kissinger says it is a civil war, there is no dissent.

In 1965, when I proposed a conference on Vietnam with *all* groups engaged in fighting represented, including the NLF, I received scores of angry letters. How could Communist Vietcong rebels sit with Americans at the same table? people would ask. Yet three years later Americans were negotiating with the Vietcong in Paris. For the United States, the most powerful country in the world, to be able to talk on equal terms with a tiny peasant group was light years away from Dulles's encircling pacts.

In 1965, when I said that the cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam was a prerequisite for meaningful talks, Washington and Saigon alleged that I was parroting the Communist line. In 1966, when I proposed a standstill cease-fire by all sides, Peking, Hanoi, and the National Liberation Front accused me of being a stooge of Washington. How could U Thant, they asked, equate the American aggressors with those who are fighting them? Six years later all agreed to a standstill truce.

I am recounting these instances more in sorrow than in anger. Now China is occupying its legitimate seat at the United Nations. After an absence of more than two decades, Americans are being represented in Peking by a "chief-of-liaison office," headed by Ambassador David K. E. Bruce, one of the most respected diplomats in the United States. China, in turn, has sent her most prestigious ambassador, Gen. Huang Chan, to Washington. Meanwhile, she has restored full diplomatic relations with Japan, her most powerful neighbor.

For a quarter of a century the world was dominated by the United States and the Soviet Union; and other countries had to adjust to that overriding fact of international life. Now China appears to have superpower credentials as well. Moscow and Peking have become rival powers, and both are courting Washington. Ironically, one result of this will be added problems in Southeast Asia, in spite of the Vietnamese peace agreement. Bombs still rain over Cambodia and Laos. The slaughter of innocent civilians inflicted from 30,000 feet above is no less ghastly than that caused by rifles and automatics. It is a sad commentary on our times that one must

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THE NEW REPERTORY CINEMA: EIGHT ENCHANTED EVENINGS OF ELY LANDAU

From Olivier's "Three Sisters"—*"Performing and interpretive standards emphasized."*

by Hollis Alpert

Something new and special in the way of filmed entertainment will break on the American scene in late October. It is a venture named The American Film Theatre (not to be confused with the American Film Institute), and in effect, it amounts to an amalgam, or cross-breeding, of repertory theater, subscription cinema, and the "hard ticket" two-performances-a-day method of releasing films. Offered the first season (and, it is hoped, not the last) will be a series of eight films faithfully adapted from well-known and in most cases prestigious plays. One will appear each month from October through May in selected film theaters throughout the country; each will have four performances (a matinee and an evening performance on one Monday and one Tuesday of the month during which it is scheduled to appear) after which it will be retired, temporarily at least, from circulation. What amounts to a clever marketing method for play "properties" of dubious commercial prospect, but which also has distinct cultural value, is the brain child of Ely Landau, a self-admitted maverick in the prevailing film establishment of production, distribution, and exhibition.

The chosen plays, in order of showing, are: John Osborne's *Luther,* Edward Albee's *A Delicate Balance,* Simon Gray's *Butley,* Chekhov's *Three Sisters,* Weill and Anderson's *Lost in the Stars,* Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming,* O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh,* and Ionesco's *Rhinoceros.* For an independent producer these cautious days, getting even one project on the screen is a task requiring boldness, perseverance, faith, and luck; the making of eight in a body is virtually Herculean. Ely Landau, in appearance, is not exactly Herculean. He is in his early fifties, rotund, balding, with long white sideburns. He feels himself to be overrated as a businessman, but underrated when it comes to idealism.

Whether businessman or idealist, he has nevertheless managed to corral into his project such star names as Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Zero Mostel, Lee Marvin, Stacy Keach, Laurence Olivier, Karen Black, Brock Peters, and Alan Bates, among a good many other film and theatrical figures. Among his directors are Tony Richardson, John Frankenheimer, Peter Hall, Harold Pinter, and Tom O'Horgan. Edward Albee, Simon Gray, and Harold Pinter did their own screen adaptations of their works, and where outside screenwriters were brought in, they were under orders and restraint to adhere as scrupulously as possible to the texts of the works. According to Landau, he has produced not filmed plays but motion pictures. "However," he says, "they have not been opened up for the sake of opening up. I am not inhibited by the spoken word."

It may be remembered that an earlier film produced by Landau, *Long Day's Journey into Night,* relied heavily on the spoken word and gained considerable critical acceptance, if not large commercial success. Recently, he screened advance segments of the eight new films for those members of the media who might be eager to herald his venture in advance, and it was clear from these segments that performing and interpretive standards were being emphasized over what might be called cinematic movement. Critical assessment of the filmed plays will have to await the showing of the complete versions; until that time, potential subscribers are being assured by Landau and his publicists that they have "eight enchanted evenings" ahead of them as well as, presumably, eight enchanted matinees.

Landau is not only enamored of his eight filmed plays—he even loves the story of how they happened to come about. "Am I boring you?" he will interrupt himself from time to time in the recital. With assurance to the contrary, he goes on: "I love to hear this story. I can hardly wait to hear what I will say next."

A little more than five years ago—and this is a key element in the story—after twenty largely successful years in film and television distribution and production, Landau decided to retire. Five weeks later Martin Luther King was assassinated, an event that shocked and saddened Landau and that instantly resuscitated his not long dormant idealism. He decided, with his wife, Edythe, that he would devote his retirement years to the making of a film about King that would be a visual record of the black leader's life and career. The resulting documentary was seven hours long and was donated to the Martin Luther King Foundation. Then came the problem of what to do with it. His brain storm of an idea was to cut it down to manageable length and then hold the largest single theater party ever. The plan involved getting 1000 theaters with an average of 1000 seats each to show the film simultaneously. The ticket charge would be five dollars, and all proceeds would go to

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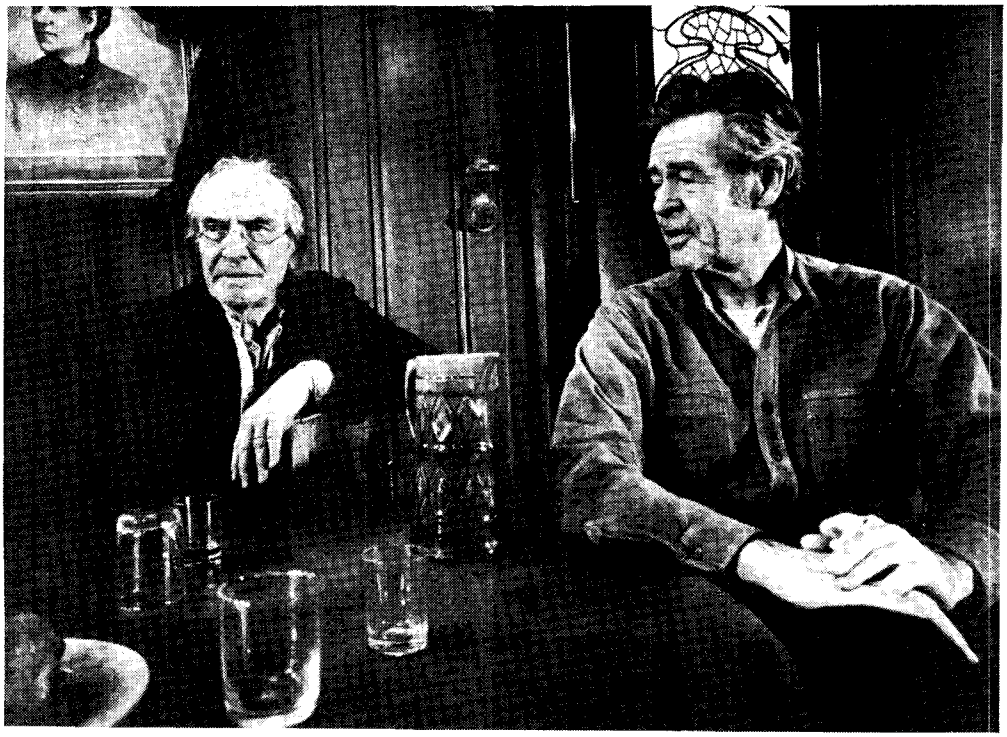

Fredric March and the late Robert Ryan in Landau's film of "The Iceman Cometh."

the foundation. The 1000-theater goal was not reached, but a total of 667,000 seats were filled on the night of March 24, 1970, with well over $3 million going into the foundation's fund.

Several theater owners approached Landau after that event (for which he had received only large amounts of satisfaction) and suggested that he create more such special attractions—though not necessarily philanthropic. Landau decided to go back to work. He relates:

> It occurred to me that Mondays and Tuesdays were traditionally the worst nights of the week for movie houses. What special attractions might be suitable for those nights? It's in my pattern to look for the gap or the void that no one else is filling. What was my particular niche? In looking back over my career, I decided that my niche was doing something that did not play down to the lowest common denominator in the audience. In an era of sex and violence in the movies, of racism, and of bombings of far-off populations, what might I provide? So it came to me: intellectually stimulating, thought-provoking material. In other words, good plays, and on film.

Thus was born, at least as Landau tells it, the concept of The American Film Theatre, and it has taken three years to get it on the screen. "Am I boring you?" he asks, for he has much more to tell.

Something of an intermission in the saga, here, while we go back to beginings, back to the time when Landau, age twenty-five, was ending his army career in a southern camp. Considering business possibilities for his return to civilian life, he looked into a product called Fritos, then being distributed throughout the South. He inquired about obtaining the northern franchise and found it already allocated. Back home in New York, he found a manufacturer making a product that was much the same and convinced him to rename it Pepcorn Chips. Far afield though this story may seem, it has much to do with Landau's entering the field of television.

In the early postwar period, the 7000 television sets in use in the New York area were mostly to be found in bars and grills, which also, in Landau's opinion, represented a prime market for Pepcorn Chips. He took to advertising the products on television, before and after the Brooklyn Dodgers ball games. Business proved brisk, but the product proved risky. Inadequate packaging resulted in Pepcorn Chips turning rancid almost overnight. Landau sadly collected the Pepcorn Chips he had sold and terminated his franchise with the company. In need of a job, he persuaded the small advertising agency that had placed the spots to employ him as what Landau terms a "gofer." What's a gofer? "Oh," he explains, "you go for this; you go for that."

At the agency he caught the television bug. "I became obsessed with the new medium," he now says. "I read everything I could about it, particularly as it affected advertising methods. I put this collected knowledge into a pamphlet I called *The Television Story* and sent it around to several ad agencies. Frankly, it was a pitch for a job. Several offers came in, and I accepted one with a small agency and became the head of its then almost non-existent radio and TV department. Within a few years the agency was a lot bigger. In effect, I rode the early television tide."

In 1952 Landau decided to make his own films for television. These were of fifteen-minute length and could be sold on a syndicated basis. "I did 'The Bill Corum Sports Show' and another that was an interview show featuring, among others, Eva Gabor, some prizefighters, and some minor politicians." The company he had set up was converted into one that acquired already-made half-hour filmed shows as well as a bunch of pre-1948 feature films. The company, National Telefilm Associates, prospered—so much so that it was able to acquire several television-channel franchises, among them Channel 13 in New York City.

This latter fact is what Landau is leading up to when he relates his story. For it was what happened on Channel 13 during the late Fifties that determined his future course.

"When my group bought the channel," he says, "it was a schlock station oriented toward what was being shown on the other six New York channels—syndicated shows, old feature films, advertising by pitchmen."

Landau decided that Channel 13 had to be different. He introduced the "Mike Wallace Show," which had truly in-depth interviews of sixty-minute length. He made an important personality of Alex King. He had a special program of ninety-minute length called "One-Night Stand." Most important of all, he introduced a program called "Play of the Week." "We became the maverick station of the entire country," he says. But it was the plays he produced, each running seven nights a week, that he was and still is most proud of. Among them were *Medea, The World of Sholem Aleichem, No Exit,* and *Tiger at the Gates.* He is still immodest enough to claim that his four-hour-long production of *The Iceman Cometh* (with Jason Robards and Robert Redford) is the greatest single production in the history of television.

Mrs. Carlotta Monterey O'Neill happened to agree with Landau's assessment. She asked to meet with him. She said, in effect, that no one had ever done an O'Neill play as well and as faithfully. Therefore, she was granting to him exclusive film and television rights to all of the O'Neill canon that were not already in other hands. And when those rights lapsed, they too would revert to Landau. It was agreed between them that the first O'Neill film he would make would be *Long Day's Journey into Night.* It was not much later that the clamor arose to turn Channel 13 into a public education station. Landau left his company in an attempt to buy the station for his own use. He felt that

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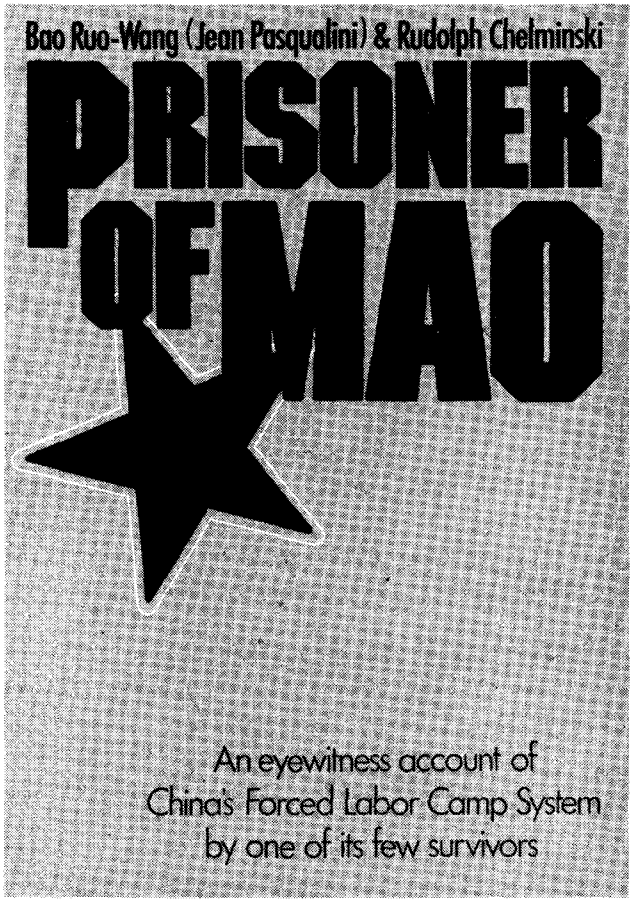
Special Book Abridgment


Bao Ruo-Wang (Jean Pasqualini) & Rudolph Chelminski
PRISONER OF MAO
An eyewitness account of
China's Forced Labor Camp System
by one of its few survivors

Editor's Note: In 1957 Jean Pasqualini, a Chinese-Corsican, was imprisoned in China on charges of counterrevolutionary activity. His book, based on his experiences in Chinese labor camps, will be published October 26 by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. Mr. Pasqualini is presently a research assistant for *Newsweek* magazine in Paris. Rudolph Chelminski, who collaborated in the writing of the book, is a freelance writer living in Paris.

On the afternoon of Friday, November 13, 1964, a political prisoner was released at the Chinese border checkpoint of Shumchun, the principal land entrance to Hong Kong. He was hardly important enough for any consideration. There were no delegations to meet him, no press, no relatives. Only the usual English colonial policeman was there at his post at the other end of the Lo Wu Bridge. Across the way he could see the uniformed Chinese busying themselves around the gray brick buildings of the frontier station and beyond that the Shumchun freight yards, where steam locomotives ferried back and forth, drawing boxcars covered with slogans in huge Chinese characters. "Long Live the General Line," the slogans read, and "Long Live the People's Communes."

At precisely 1:30 P.M. the policeman saw at the far end of the bridge the man he had been notified to meet. He had a typically Chinese face set off by black-rimmed glasses, walked with a busy, hunching gait, and appeared to be in his mid-thirties. The gray woolen suit he wore was obviously government issue, and the collar of his white shirt was absurdly too large for him. He crossed the bridge, his face void of expression, never looking back. All the policeman knew of him was that he was a French citizen and that his name was Pasqualini. All that must have appeared rather odd, considering his thoroughly Asiatic appearance. (That prisoner was myself, Bao Ruo-wang, or Jean Pasqualini.)

I'm a strange mixture. I have confused people for years. My name, Pasqualini, comes straight from my Corsican father, an adventurous character who left his native island at the turn of the century (in something of a hurry, as I understand it; I have often wondered if he had been involved in some sort of vendetta), joined the French army, and eventually found himself on garrison duty in Peking—those were the days when just about every Western power had a piece of poor, humiliated China. With the end of the war and demobilization, my father elected to stay on in China. He went into business for himself and took a Chinese wife. As their only child, I grew up first as a Chinese boy with my playmates and then as a Westerner, when I attended Peking's French Public School and three different mission schools, run by the Marist brothers and the Salesian fathers. It was, as my jailers often pointed out to me later, a most thoroughly rotten and reactionary, bourgeois education. [This, together with my employment by the Americans, during the postwar occupation, was what caused the Communists to imprison me as an enemy of the state.]

To the mission fathers I was known as Jean Pasqualini; to the Chinese, as Bao Ruo-wang—a name roughly derived from the "P" sound in Pasqualini and the Chinese appellation for St. John. Very early I recognized that I had been born into the classic dilemma of the *métis,* the half-breed who participates in both societies but feels truly at home in neither. I and my other *métis* schoolmates were a special society, a subculture closed to the rest of the world. Of them all, I was the one who looked the most completely Chinese.

Now, after serving seven years in Mao's prisons and labor camps, I was about to start my new life in the West with six Hong Kong dollars in my pocket —U. S. $1. I was on my way to France, my homeland even though I had never set foot there. Nineteen sixty-four was the year that France and the People's Republic of China officially recognized each other, and it was as a special "gesture of extraordinary magnanimity" that I, a passport-holding French citizen, benefited from remittance of the remainder of my twelve-year sentence and deportation. As I crossed that bridge, I was leaving behind an entire culture into which I was born, every friend in the world, a wife who had had to divorce me, and two sons whom I shall probably never see again.

Copyright © 1973 by Jean Pasqualini and Rudolph Chelminski. From a forthcoming book called *Prisoner of Mao* by Bao Ruo-wang (Jean Pasqualini) and Rudolph Chelminski to be published this fall by Coward McCann & Geoghegan, Inc.

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But I had learned about *Lao Gai.*

Lao Gai—short for *Lao Dong Gai Zao*—is a twentieth-century invention, an institution presented to humanity by the Chinese Communist theoreticians. It means "Reform Through Labor."

In our fair and pleasant world, there is no shortage of countries that have built their modern civilizations on a foundation of deportation areas, concentration camps, and prison farms. The Soviets have been especially notable achievers in this line. Their complex of forced labor camps was impressively vast in its prime, but it was brutally cruel, unsophisticated—and inefficient compared with what the Chinese developed after the victory of the revolution in 1949. What the Russians never understood, and what the Chinese Communists knew all along, is that convict labor can never be productive or profitable if it is extracted only by coercion or torture. The Chinese were the first to grasp the art of motivating prisoners. That's what *Lao Gai* is all about.

Those seven prison years I lived—often in abject, despairing misery, sometimes literally starving and always haunted by hunger, in perpetual submission to the authority not only of guards and warders but even more so to the "mutual surveillance" of my fellow prisoners and even to my own zealous self-denunciations and confessions—constitute my own story, of course, but far more important, they are the story of the millions upon millions of Chinese who endured the camps with me and are still in them today. I am their only spokesman. The story of *Lao Gai* has never been told before.

ARREST OF A COUNTERREVOLUTIONARY ELEMENT

It finally happened on a freezing Friday night two days after Christmas, 1957. Six weeks earlier the police had told me I must remain in or around the house until further notice; ever since, I had been waiting for the other shoe to drop. When it came down, the only sound it made was a soft, very polite knocking at the door. I was reading in bed, and my wife was already in a deep sleep. I jammed on my old slippers and shuffled over to the door.

"Yes, who is it?"

"Lao* Chia, from the police precinct."

Well, that was certainly friendly enough. For a brief, hopeful instant, I felt a surge of optimism: Maybe it meant things were going to be okay. I was, as the Chinese say, having illusions. As I swung the door open, a harsh rush of cold air hit me, and I was literally propelled backward into the room by five grim and very determined visitors—three large cops in blue padded winter uniforms, each of whom bore a pistol; Chia; and a dour, expressionless woman from the Street Security Committee. No one was being polite now. Their theatrical entrance and the stamp of their booted feet woke my wife, who looked up, squinted, and asked what was the matter. Stupid and panicked, all I could mumble was the usual ritualistic "nothing."

"What is your name?" asked the tallest policeman.

"Pasqualini."

He didn't like that. "What is your Chinese name?"

"Bao Ruo-wang."

"Your nationality?"

"French."

That was all he needed for the moment. Slowly and carefully he opened his briefcase, extracted a printed card, and unfolded it to show a photograph of myself stapled to one corner. Enun-

Illustrations: Allan E. Cober

"As they hustled me out, I caught one last glimpse of my wife."

**Lao* is Chinese for "old," and it is commonly used, coupled to a person's family name, as an amicable form of greeting between friends or people with whom one is well acquainted.

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FOOTNOTES TO AN "EDUCATION THROUGH LABOR"

I don't pretend to be a scholar, but I was born and raised and spent thirty-seven years of my life on Chinese soil. And what I learned about the prison system came firsthand.

There is a simple, basic truth about the labor camps that seems to be unknown in the West: For all but a handful of exceptional cases (such as mine) the prison experience is total and permanent. The men and women sentenced to Reform Through Labor spend the remainder of their lives in the camps, as prisoners first and then as "free workers" after their terms have expired.

* * *

Labor camps in China are a lifetime contract. They are far too important to the national economy to be run with transient personnel. It was convicts who reclaimed and made flourish the vast Manchurian wastelands, which had defeated all past efforts and which today still offer the only convincing proof that a Sovkhoze-style state farm can operate profitably; convicts who began China's plastics industry and run some of her biggest factories and agricultural stations; convicts who grow the very rice Mao eats. To achieve these successes, one thing was indispensable: a stable supply of manpower, willing to work hard. With this assured, the Chinese reached a goal that had eluded even Stalin —making forced labor a paying proposition. China surely must be the only country in the world with prisons that turn a profit. It is an exploit of which the Chinese can be rightfully proud.

* * *

"A living hell" is the popular image inevitably conjured up by the idea of Communist labor camps. There is truth in the image, of course, but it is distorted because it is incomplete. The reality, the most exquisite irony that I discovered as the years slipped by, was the same that had already been testified to by the survivors of Stalinist camps: Not only is the society within the camps in many ways purer than the larger one outside, but it is also freer. It is in the prisons and camps that the notions of friendship and personal freedom are the most highly developed in China.

* * *

There is an impressive fund of partial knowledge and downright misinformation in the West concerning China, in spite of the many doors that have recently been opened; when it is a question of her prison system, that fund absolutely overflows. There has been no shortage of Westerners—journalists, priests, businessmen, soldiers—who have spent some time in confinement on the mainland and written books about the experience. Almost all of them were hampered from the start by the basic fact of speaking little or no Chinese. But even more important, being round-eyed foreigners they invariably received special treatment—their own private cells or rooms, different rations and isolation from Chinese prisoners. No Westerner has ever been allowed to visit the camps, not even Mao's friend Edgar Snow. And certainly none has ever won the doubtful honor of being selected for Reform Through Labor.

I did because the police authorities, for all intents and purposes, considered me as just another Chinese. I was a very rare animal—a foreigner born in China, speaking the language like a native, with the face of a Chinese. A snake in the grass, the interrogators called me, and they had a point.

* * *

How many prisoners are there? The estimates of the Chinese forced-labor-camp population vary wildly, depending mostly on the political convictions of the person making the estimate. There are even some distinguished authors, intellectuals, and academics in the West who appear to believe that there never was a labor camp or political prisoner in mainland China. At the other extreme are certain Sinologists who affirm that upwards of 20 million are being held in servitude for ideological reasons. Obviously, the Chinese government furnishes no statistics, but I can assure the reader from personal experience that the camps exist and that their population is colossal. An interesting hint of the possible scale is contained in a phrase dear to Chinese rhetoricians: "Only a small minority, perhaps five percent, is against us; these are being forced to build Socialism." No one who takes a stand against the government can remain out of jail, but if we take only 2 percent as a reasonable possibility, this still gives us a figure of 16 million prime candidates for Reform Through Labor. This figure does not include those individuals undergoing the standard three-year terms of *Lao Jiao*—Education Through Labor. These are persons who have committed "mistakes," rather than "crimes." In theory, they maintain their civic rights while they are in the camps. There are at least as many undergoing *Lao Jiao* as *Lao Gai*—in fact, probably many more.

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ciating with studied clarity, he spoke the magic formula:

"Bao Ruo-wang, known also under the original name of Pasqualini, you have been discovered to have been engaged for a lengthy period of time in various counter-revolutionary activities and to have violated the laws of the People's Republic of China. I hereby announce your arrest in the name of the law. This is the warrant for your arrest."

As they hustled me out, I caught one last glimpse of my wife. She was terrified. "Go, and learn your lessons well!" she cried.

God, she had certainly learned *her* first lesson in a hurry. But what else could she say under the circumstances? In China one is expected to react in a certain correct manner to every given situation. Prison is not prison, but a school for learning about one's mistakes. What counts is not what a thing is, but what you call it. By being refractory, or failing to show the proper spirit, my wife could have been imprisoned herself, for having knowingly lived with and harbored a counterrevolutionary. The two kids were still sleeping as the door closed.

It was in a black Russian Pobeda that I rode to my first rendezvous with prison, jammed in the back seat between two Sepos—Security Police. There was no traffic whatever, and we sped easily past the Drum Tower, the back of the Winter Palace, and finally into a small, twisting back road. It was the entrance to the famous Tsao Lan Tse Hutung—"Grass Mist Lane Prison." The Chinese have the most poetically named jails in the world. (In the years that followed, I did time in the Northern Precious Village Camp, the Lake of Emergent Enthusiasm Center, and the Respectable Village.) An iron gate stopped us, but one of the guards came forward with a key. I could make out another set of steps, even darker, plunging into the penumbra. The walls were closer, too, barely the width of my shoulders. With each step the air seemed to grow damper, warmer, and more sickly. I felt as if I were walking into a plague. My mouth was dry. I was scared as hell. At the end of it all was a wooden door sheathed in iron.

THE TORTURE CHAMBER THAT WASN'T

"Baogao!" someone ordered behind me. "Report!"

I shouted out my name, and the door flew open. Two men in blue padded uniforms were there to jerk me inside and at the same time lock my arms behind me. There were ten more little steps down, then an opening, and then—I found myself in a torture chamber.

I don't think a person really screams when he is terrified. The first instinct is to freeze up. It's not possible, I thought; it's not possible, but there was a tiger bench before me, just as bright as life. I contemplated it numbly and felt cold. A tiger bench is a simple device, really, just a sort of articulated board. The client is tied firmly in several places, and then the bench can be raised in many different and interesting ways. Eventually it is the hip bones that crack first, I have been told. Next to the bench were water and towels, indispensable accessories for that great classic, the water torture. The towel goes over the prisoner's face, and the water is poured gently on it. The man suffocates or drowns. It is a handy little torture, because it is light and portable. It is a technique that was much in vogue during the war in Vietnam. I looked around and saw bamboo splinters and hammers and even a set of chains heating over a coal fire. I think I would have sunk to the floor if the two cops weren't supporting me by my arms. His face a stone mask, the interrogator stepped up before me. The faithful scribe followed, notebook in hand. And finally, after a long, theatrical pause, I discovered the truth of this routine.

"This is a museum," he said. "Don't be afraid. We wanted you to have a look at this place so you could see how the Nationalist reactionaries used to question their prisoners. Now we are living in a different era. We are in a socialist society, under the humane regime of Chairman Mao and the Chinese Communist party. We do not use such crude and inhumane methods. People who resort to torture do so only because they are weaker than their victims. We, on the other hand, are stronger than you. We are certain of our superiority. And the methods we use are a hundred times more efficient than this."

He looked over the room with disdain, looked back at me for a long moment, then ordered the guard: "Take him away."

Long Live Chairman Mao, I thought as I shuffled out. From that moment on, my interrogations started going smoothly.

The next time I saw the interrogator, he had a bit of psycho-political explaining for me.

"You see, Bao, the reason you became frightened when you saw our museum the other night was that your mind has been poisoned by imperialist propaganda. What we showed you was just our way of letting you know that it is only the criminal Chiang Kai-shek regime that ever used torture. Now that you have learned the lesson, you will see that the only way for you is to confess. It saves so much time for you and me. And there are so many advantages."

"What do you want me to confess?"

He looked pained. "We don't tell people what to confess. If we did, it would be an accusation and not a confession. Don't you see that we are giving you a chance? We already know everything about you, Bao. We want you to confess only to give you the opportunity to obtain some leniency. If what you tell us tallies with what we already know, then I can give you my word that you will be leniently treated. But if you tell us only 5 or 10 percent, then you'll never go home."

"Where do I begin?"

"There are many ways. Some people prefer to start with the most important things and then work their way down to the details. But most are the opposite—they start with the trifles and little by little work their way up to

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what is really important. You might say they try to save the best part for the last. That's all right with us. We know we will get it eventually. And then there are some people who suffer from loss of memory and can talk only about the most recent things; they don't seem to like to talk about their past. It's all up to you, Bao. We have lots of time. Only one thing: Don't try to make fools of us. I can promise you it won't work."

I began the story of my life, from age eight onward. The interrogator hardly interrupted again and listened with complete attention. The scribe took it down in Chinese characters with admirable speed and precision. That session lasted six hours in all. As the sessions continued, the gap between them gradually grew larger and larger. I had plenty of time to think, to observe my new home, and to slip into its routine.

"I felt as if I were walking into a plague. I was scared as hell."

STRUGGLING TO SOME PURPOSE

A major feature of life in Chinese political prisons is the Struggle. This is a peculiarly Chinese invention combining intimidation, humiliation, and sheer exhaustion. Briefly described, it is an intellectual gang beating of one man by many, sometimes even thousands, in which the victim has no defense, even the truth. The first Struggle I ever met with indirectly took place in the cell adjoining ours a few months after I arrived at Grass Mist Lane. The entire cell was working over a newly arrived prisoner, and the din of their shouts was so passionate that our peaceable study session was hopelessly derailed. The technique, as I heard it, was a thing of utter simplicity: a fierce and pitiless crescendo of screams demanding that the victim confess, followed by raucous hoots of dissatisfaction with any answer he gave them. The horrible, ear-splitting din continued for a couple of hours, and it ended only when the man was led away in chains to solitary.

A guard slammed open the slot in our door, and Loo beckoned us over one by one to get a glimpse of the spectacle. There was plenty of time; the prisoner could barely move. His feet were in fetters, an iron bar a foot long, ringed at both ends to pass around the ankles. Bolts held the rings fast; two chains rose from the middle of the bar to the wrists, which themselves were joined by another chain. In all, the outfit weighed thirty-two pounds. The prisoner was obliged to carry the vertical chain from his feet looped several times, since it was long enough to drag on the floor and that was forbidden.

The Struggle was born in the Thirties, when the Communists first began making headway in the great rural stretches of Nationalist China. Developed over the years by trial and error, it became the standard technique for interrogating the landlords and other enemies who fell into the hands of the rebellious peasants. There is a system, a very real rationale, behind it all. The Communists were, and remain, extremely formalistic: A man must be made to confess before he is punished, even if his punishment has been decided beforehand. The captured landlord was pushed, shoved, or carried to a handy open area and forced to kneel and bow his head as dozens or hundreds or thousands of peasants began surrounding him. Screamed at, insulted, slapped, spat upon, sometimes beaten, hopelessly confused and terrorized, no victim could hold out for long.

The Speak Bitterness meetings were in the same psychological vein. As they were liberated from serfdom, the peasants were invited to testify to the horrors they and their families had undergone at the hands of their class enemies. Like mad mirror images of revivals, Speak Bitterness campaigns drove the participants to vociferous frenzies of hatred, which was precisely the intention. Or-

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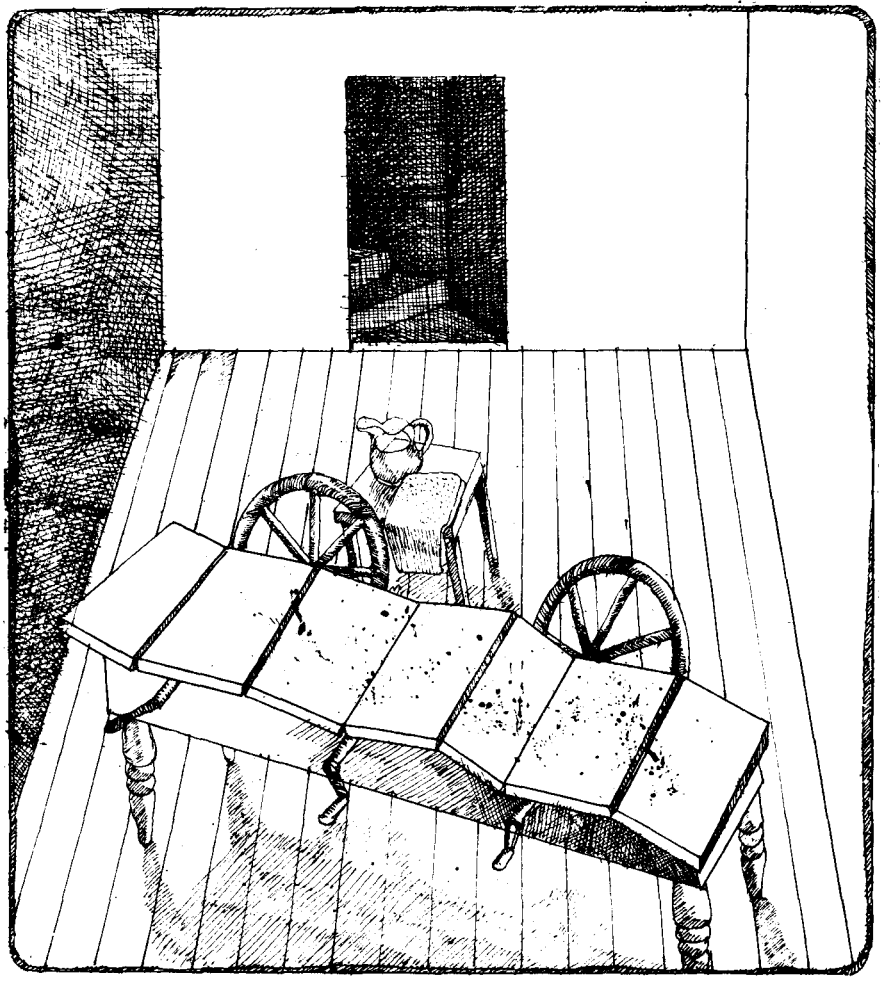
well had perhaps heard of them when he wrote of the daily "Five Minutes' Hate" in *1984*. The reasoning is simple: To kill an enemy, you must hate him. Without hatred it is only murder.

Of course Struggles continue to be used in prisons today, both as punishment for improper attitudes and as a tool for extracting confessions. But they are also prevalent in ordinary civilian life. In a half-dozen or so campaigns of political zeal that had swept over China since 1949, Struggling became a fact of life for everyone. As in prison, a man might be Struggled for something he had said weeks or even months earlier; for in civilian life, too, scribes are present to note down what is said. Or he might be trapped by one of the omnipresent denunciation boxes which proliferate in every city. A foreigner might mistake them for mail boxes, since they are painted bright, optimistic red, slotted at the top, and padlocked closed. Underneath is a shelf space for standard forms and above it a little notice in Chinese characters: Denunciation Box. The forms are neatly categorized:

Name and address of denunciator
Address of employment
Name and address of person being denounced
Age
Sex
Date of birth
Native of what province and town?
Physical traits: hair, eyes, height
What are his hobbies and pastimes?
What special knowledge does he possess?
How did you come to know him?
What are your relations with him?

Separate pages are provided for the actual denunciation. One denunciation per page, please. The police collect from the boxes daily. Denunciation boxes also exist in prisons and camps, but there they are called Constructive Criticism Boxes.

If a denunciation leads to a Struggle, the victim is well advised to submit immediately, because there is never any time limit to a Struggle: It can go on indefinitely if the leaders of the game feel that not enough contrition has developed. Like all the other non-physical interrogation techniques, the purpose is to bring the victim to accept anything that may be judged for him. Thus a Struggle is rarely resolved quickly; that would be too easy. At the beginning, even if the victim tells the truth or grovelingly admits to any accusation hurled at him, his every word will be greeted with insults and shrieks of contradiction. He is ringed by jeering, hating faces, screaming in his ear, spitting; fists swipe menacingly close to him, and everything he says is branded a lie. At the end of the day he is led to a room, locked up, given some food, and left with the promise that the next day will be even worse.



"Eventually it is the hip bones that crack first, I have been told."

Often there will be a day off—on Sundays, for instance; but this, too, is an exercise in sadism. Locked in his room, the victim will be perpetually surveyed by at least one of the Struggle team. If he happens to look out the window, the guard will rebuke him for allowing his mind to wander from his problems, which must totally occupy his thoughts. If he nods off to sleep, the guard will grab him by the hair and jerk him awake. After three or four days the victim begins inventing sins he has never committed, hoping that an admission monstrous enough might win him a reprieve. After a week of Struggling he is prepared to go to any lengths.

On a Sunday evening, ten days after my arrival in solitary, I was dragged up—handcuffed, filthy, and stinking—to my wing of the K Building and dumped on the floor before 500 of my chosen classmates. The first order they shrieked at me was to hold my head even farther down. I complied, but not

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before noticing that most of my very own cellmates were out there in the bunch. That was interesting. I wondered how they would act. I should have known.

"Bao Ruo-wang has come back to make a public confession," announced the warder. "It is up to you to see whether or not he makes it properly. You will judge whether he has recognized his sins."

I spoke:

"I am taking this opportunity to tell the government that in the past I have used various study sessions and campaigns to spread unfavorable ideas."

That didn't work very well.

"You're not being sincere!"

The catcalling part began.

"You are not telling the truth! *Wan goo bu hua*—stubborn and unmelting."

I took the initiative again and tried to explain myself, but the warder stopped me.

"Stop talking!" he ordered. Nuance: He had not said "shut up." It was fairly polite. It was beginning to look more and more like a *pro forma* Struggle.

"All right, you people," he went on. "Start criticizing him."

One character, whom I didn't know, more or less set the tone for the others. He had it all down pat, especially a nice little set of analogies. He piped them out like a school lesson.

"Bao Ruo-wang is a fox who could no longer hide his tail. He was condemned and sentenced as an imperialist spy. For spreading imperialist propaganda. Now he dares to carry out his imperialist duties right here in prison! We demand that the government punish him as severely as the law allows. Down with the imperialist!"

The others joined in on the theme, sometimes getting together and chanting in unison their favorite slogans and invective. *Sheh Huei Bai Lei* ("Bad Element of Society") was one that recurred quite consistently. Often I could clearly identify the voices of certain of my cellmates, just as harsh and pitiless as the others. So much for solidarity. After about forty-five minutes—only the beginning for a first-rate Struggle—the warder intervened.

"It's getting late," he said simply. "You people have to get back to your cells. Thank you for the help you have given Bao Ruo-wang."

I went back down to solitary, but things were now noticeably better. The next morning the guards unlocked my cuffs and allowed me to wash. When I had finished, they didn't put the cuffs back on. There was no doubt about it: I was on the way out.

When mealtime came, it was the same old corn mush, but it seemed to me that I was getting it earlier than usual. Another good sign. I set to killing my lice, feeling all over my body and grabbing them one by one. Each made a satisfactory "pop" each time I broke it in half with my nail. I must have looked exactly like some scrofulous monkey.

At noon the guards gave me two *wo'tous*. The next day I was put back on the light-labor ration. We were into the first week of July when I was led up to the doctor's office for an examination. He prescribed a shower and a change of clothes. Solitary was finished.

When I returned to the cell, I was warmly greeted by all the friends who had Struggled me and cheered when I was led away to solitary.

"Good to have you back, Bao," they said. "Have a cigarette."

I tried to refuse, but one of them slipped me a pack of Big Fortunes. You'll need it later, he told me, and of course he was right. What puzzled me was how they could act as if nothing had happened. Finally, after a few days, I came to understand. What was the point of harboring a grudge against them? They had been coerced into Struggling me. They didn't have any other choice. It was simply a fact of Chinese life. Their failure to join in would have meant a bad mark on their dossiers and, probably, an eventual Struggle for them. There was no way out but to roll with the punches, go along with the act, and get it over with as quickly as possible—then forget it ever happened. What else is there to do against such an all-encompassing authority?

A MOST DISHONORABLE VISIT

My wife, Yang, visited me while I was in the transit center. It was what you might call a command performance. In prison terminology it was a "dishonorable visit"—something reserved for badly behaved or recalcitrant prisoners. The occasion was my release from solitary confinement. It came on the fifteenth of July, just four days after I was back up from the hole. It was hot then, and I was dozing on the floor during an afternoon break. My snooze was broken up by a businesslike warder.

"Get up, Bao," he told me. "You have a dishonorable visit. It is necessary for your family to know what you have been up to, and they must speak to you about your situation."

He led me out into the empty courtyard. There, next to the door from the main building, were my wife and both of our sons, Yung and Mow. Mow had been given a day off from school. Little Yung was crying again. The warder allowed me to touch them both. Yang began reciting her speech:

"I have been told that lately your behavior has been bad."

The bastards, I thought. Couldn't they have spared her this comedy? Wasn't it enough for me to be locked up and working like a coolie, without involving her and the kids in their goddamn object lessons? No. Of course not.

"Your behavior has not made things easy for me," she went on in that weirdly loud voice. "The children in school—all their classmates know that their father is a counterrevolutionary prisoner. But there is a difference

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between a counterrevolutionary who is genuinely trying to reform himself and one who is not. One who is resisting reform. All this is deeply affecting our lives, Bao Ruowang. I beg you to listen to the government's instructions. I beg you to work and study hard. Then maybe the government will be lenient and forgive you for your sins."

The visit lasted maybe ten minutes in all, and I heard nothing but that speechifying. When she had finished, Yang Hui Min left me a political pamphlet and two packs of cigarettes. Yung and Mow were too intimidated and mortified to say anything. Neither of them waved as they left.

THE NORTHERN PRECIOUS VILLAGE CAMP: DEATH OF AN IMMORALIST

A few days later I ran into Longman, who broke into peals of laughter when he saw my tattered outfit and smelled my aroma.

"They've got me watching cows now, and I think I'll stay there, old Bao. I'm not a snob, but you smell worse than they do."

He walked away holding his nose.

The comic relief was fun, but there wasn't much of it. The case of the brigade barber swiftly brought us back to the realities of discipline. I was surprised to learn that we had a barber in Northern Precious Village. It was Yeh who brought me over to his place, a large, square room with a beaten earth floor and three wooden chairs. The barber was a squat, little fellow in his forties who stuttered. We chatted pleasantly while he gave me the required military-style trim. He told me he was in on a morals charge; but I didn't ask what kind, and he didn't offer to elaborate. We left it at that while I enjoyed the luxury of a shave.

"I wouldn't spend too much time around the barber," Yeh cautioned me when we had returned to the hooch. "He's a bad example."

Coming from Yeh that was strange. He was an intelligent, cultured individual who scarcely bothered himself with doctrine. No matter. I wasn't going to argue with him.

I don't remember the date, but it was probably two or three weeks later that it happened. It had been raining all morning, and most of us hadn't been required to go out to our jobs. Late in the afternoon the sun blazed through the clouds and started drying up the earth. Suddenly whistles started blowing.

"Ji ho!"

It was the call for assembly—and there were to be no exceptions, the warders told us. We straggled out into the courtyard and arranged ourselves in our section order. I was in the front row, next to Yeh. We pulled out bags of tobacco, rolled smokes, and waited. The damp earth steamed as the sun beat down on it. Then I heard the sound of chains behind us.

The first one to come before us was Wang, our one-armed warder, and he was quickly joined by the brigade leader in charge of production, a man named Yen, perhaps a dozen guards, and finally an official of some sort, dressed in a blue Mao uniform and holding a neat, black briefcase. In the middle of them all was the barber, tied up in chains and fetters. A rope around his neck and cinched at the waist kept his head bowed. His hands were tied behind his back. The guards shoved him directly in front of us. He stood there silently, like a trussed penitent, as the steam wisped up around his feet. Yen had a speech.

"I have something awful to speak about. I'm not happy to do it, and it's nothing to be proud of. But it is my duty and it should be a lesson for you. This rotten egg here was jailed on a morals charge—homosexual relations with a boy. He received only seven years for this offense. Later, when he was working in the paper mill, his behavior was constantly bad and he stole repeatedly. His sentence was doubled. Now we have established that while here, he seduced a young prisoner nineteen years old—a mentally retarded prisoner. If this happened in society, he would be severely punished. But by doing what he did here, he not only sinned morally but he also dirtied the reputation of the prison and the great policy of Reform Through Labor. Therefore, in consideration of his repeated offenses, the representative of the Supreme People's Court will now read you his sentence."

The man in the blue uniform strode forward and read out the somber document, a recapitulation of the offenses that ended with the decision of the People's Court: death with immediate execution of sentence.

Everything happened so suddenly then that I didn't even have the time to be shocked or frightened. Before the man in the blue uniform even had finished pronouncing the last word, the barber was dead. The guard standing behind him pulled out a huge pistol and blew his head open. A shower of blood and brains flew out and splattered those of us in the front rows. I looked away from the hideous, twitching figure on the ground and vomited. Yen came up to speak again.

"Let this serve as a warning to you. I have been authorized to tell you that no more leniency will be shown in this camp. From now on, all morals offenses will be punished in the same way. Now go back to your cells and discuss this."

He glanced down at me and the others who had been hit with brains and blood.

"You people, go have a wash and then go back to your cells for studies."

Yen may have been deliberately exaggerating when he threatened all further offenses with execution, but I am certain no one was tempted to test him. Morals offenses are not treated lightly in China. In the socialist countries in general, but even more so in China, deviations from the norm are not appreciated or considered tolerable.

The reasoning is simple: Those who do not behave as

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normal human beings should be punished, for the purification of society. After the revolution many male opera singers were persecuted because they impersonated women. Sodomy and rape can be punished by death. Females get five years for extra- or premarital fornication. A married man who seduces a married woman gets ten years. A married man seducing an unmarried woman will receive an indeterminate but heavy sentence and his partner a light one. Lesbianism has always been rare in China, but the once widespread homosexuality is no longer tolerated. I have read of men being raped in Western prisons. In China the guilty party would be shot on the spot.

". . . a pitiless crescendo of screams demanding that the victim confess."

PASSING OF A LOST SOUL

Meantime, the "schoolmate" we called Small Pan had died. The winter started off badly. After a couple of weeks in Team One, Small Pan started spitting blood and became too weak to work anymore. Even he knew it was terminal TB when they transferred him to the little hut out in back for the dying cases. Longman and I and some of the others visited him, but that did nothing for his condition, especially since he was on the reduced rations of the hopeless. Late one afternoon a fellow prisoner told us he wouldn't last through the night. Longman and a few of us went to see him. He was huddled in his bedclothes against the back wall of the shed in a sort of nest he had made from the straw on the floor. His face was gray, and there were big dark rings around his eyes. He could barely talk.

"I'm finished," he whispered. Longman tried to reassure him but he convinced no one. Embarrassed and at a loss for words, Longman asked the ritual question whether there was anything he'd like us to do for him. To our surprise, he had a very specific request. Small Pan was always hungry.

"I wish I could have a piece of cake."

It hit us like a hammer. All the poor little guy wanted on his last night was a lousy piece of cake, but he might as well have been asking for the moon. Where in hell could we get cake? Longman worked in the kitchen, and he couldn't even get an extra *wo'tou*. I was amazed to hear Longman promise we'd be right back with the cake —he had had an inspiration. Out in the yard he explained it to me: We would steal the cake from warder Yang's office.

Jesus Christ! His audacity was stupefying. My four years of reform had effectively leached any such larcenous and illegal thoughts from my head, but of course he was right. Prisoners had the right to receive food packages from time to time, and for safekeeping they were always locked up in the warders' offices. There was bound to be some cake in there. All we had to do was get to it. Longman went straight to our team and asked a man named Wong to come out and have a little talk with us. Wong was a common-law prisoner who was in jail for safecracking. He agreed unhesitatingly.

"Just give me one guy for a lookout by the big gate and another outside the warder's door," he asked.

We arranged it. That evening when warder Yang had gone to the canteen for his dinner, Wong attacked his padlock with a piece of bent wire. Within ten minutes he was back with a piece of almond cake. Longman and I took it to the death shed. Small Pan was barely alive. Longman bent down and placed the cake in Small Pan's mouth. He died without finishing it.

We went back to the cell and ate our supper in silence. Before lights out Wong showed up and offered us a smoke. He had real fresh tobacco! We asked him where it came from, but we already had a pretty good idea.

"Well," Wong said, "when I was feeling around there

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in the dark trying to find the cake, I smelled this good stuff. It was right next to me, and I couldn't resist grabbing a handful." We had a smoke in Small Pan's honor.

ROOT HOG, OR DIE

It was my friend Liu who taught me that when a man is hungry enough, he can find nourishment anywhere. It happened during one of the long lunch-and-siesta periods, when we were with our harrow. This time he didn't lie down and rest but instead built himself a little fire. Presently I noticed that he seemed to be cooking something in his enamel mug.

"What did you find?" I wondered. I hadn't seen him doing any foraging.

"None of your business," he grunted. I got up and walked over. "Can I look?"

Liu shrugged. I lifted off the lid and saw to my surprise that the basin was half full of kernels of corn. I wondered whether he could have been as stupid as Lam. That seemed unlikely, though Liu tossed in some rock salt stolen from the horses.

"You got your food basin?" he asked.

"Sure."

"Get it."

When I returned with my basin, he ladled out three spoonfuls. Liu said nothing. He nodded his head, and I ate the corn. It had a strange, powerful taste, like ammonia. That didn't bother me in the least. It was hot and salty. It was food.

"More?"

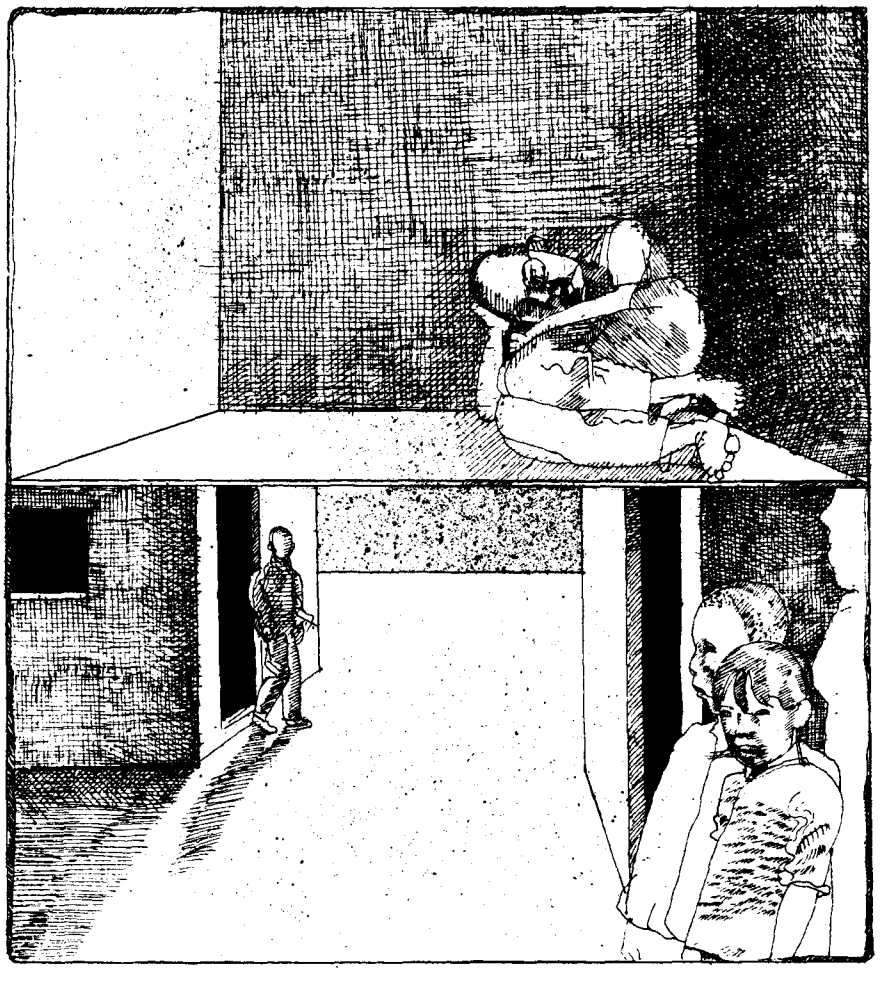
"Sure."

"Where'd you get it?"

As before, he just grunted. Later, when we were working the harrow, he let me in on the secret.

"Old Bao, you didn't notice anything because you're a lousy intellectual who doesn't pay attention. But when we were in the stables the other day, I saw a lot of undigested corn in the shit of the guards' horses. So I picked it out and washed it off. That's what we just ate. I learned the trick when the Japs raided our village and took away all our food. We had to eat the corn from their horses' shit. That and bark from the trees."

I didn't tell my cellmates about my meal that afternoon, not even Sun or Longman, but I needn't have been so finicky. There were others who had done worse. That fall I met a prisoner who told me how he and a friend had found they could eat the worms they found in the shit of cows and oxen. The worms were fat because they had been in the intestines of the animals, ingesting their food along with them. Medically speaking, I suppose they were clean, and almost pure protein; but the thought of the worms still put me off. The prisoners washed them off, roasted them, and snipped off the two black ends before consuming them. Compared with that, the occasional cockroach was a luxury.



My wife and children paid me a "dishonorable visit."

Later Liu showed me how to find the artfully camouflaged eggs of praying mantes. They always laid them in the crotches where a tree limb joined the trunk, and they were invariably the same color as the bark. The eggs were about the size of Brazil nuts, and each one had its own little yolk and white. They were delicious.

The comical side of our existence was rarer, but it was there nonetheless —like the morning when one of my cellmates awoke with an exultant cry.

"Pao ma!" he exclaimed. "I've been horse racing." Horse racing is the Chinese slang for having a wet dream. That was a remarkable feat, considering the state of debilitation we all were in.

"Shut up," Sun told him. "You let the warders hear that and they'll cut your rations down; you've got too much energy."

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The question of sexuality in the camps fascinates everyone, especially Westerners. Since my release, scores of people have asked me how we were able to endure the lack of women. Weren't we prisoners, the younger ones at any rate, tormented by unfulfillable erotic fancies? The simple, surprising answer is no—not at all. In the first place, Chinese as a general rule are more reserved (or should I say less frenzied) about sexual matters than Westerners. But far more than that, the combination of perpetual hunger, lack of vitamins, and the exhaustion brought on by hard physical labor had brought us to such a state of decrepitude that we were, for all intents and purposes, impotent. Survival was our only preoccupation. And one last point not to be forgotten—sexuality was and still is ideologically incorrect in China, especially in the camps. Need I repeat how dominated we all were by ideology? Westerners may be amused by it, but Mao is literally capable of preventing his people from copulating. If that isn't ideology in action, nothing is.

CLASSROOM WITH BARRED WINDOWS

My ideological progressiveness had made me such a prize that I was appointed to take over the education of a special cell of fifty unusually backward illiterates, who until then had proven to be virtually impermeable to the new line that the rest of us had assimilated long since. "Persons of low cultural level," they were designated, with euphemistic understatement. Mostly ex-peasants, laborers, or mental deficients, they were the ones who had spent their past study sessions either asleep or in witless stupors. Nothing, apparently, had registered on them. I was given three months to set them right. Warder Tien made it a point to tell me that the results would be viewed as a test of my reformation. I approached the job as a supreme challenge.

When I first entered the classroom-cell where our course was to be given, my students greeted me with all the intellectual animation of lumps of coal. I foolishly began my presentation in the rarified political terms that would have been appropriate to someone like Ai. Disaster: I could see their eyes glazing over, as if by Pavlovian reflex. Obviously I would have to be more direct.

"What do you know about Khrushchev?" I threw out.

"What's that?" one of them asked. I swear it. He didn't even know whether Khrushchev was animal, vegetable, or mineral! I was obliged to explain that he was not only a man, but first secretary of the All-Union Communist party of the USSR.

"Ah," came the pleased exclamations of recognition—"Elder Brother."

It was my moment for revelation.

"No, he is not Elder Brother," I said slowly and firmly. "Khrushchev is a *huai-tan*—a rotten egg."

This time there was reaction from the crowd. Their complacent pudding faces began to register doubt, perplexity, or outrage, depending on how much they could remember from studies of the past years. A few of the bolder ones told me to be careful when I spoke of our great ally. I redoubled my insults. The group began chattering and grumbling agitatedly.

"We're warning you, Bao," one of them said, "any more talk like that and we're reporting you."

They were already sharpening their blades. When I continued once again in the same vein, the room exploded into a clamor of shouts and protests. Half of them were calling for a warder by then, and it didn't take long for one to arrive.

"What's going on here?" he asked at the doorway. "Is this the way you people study?"

"Warder," a spokesman for the group said, "we're sorry, but Bao here has been insulting Elder Brother Khrushchev."

He had trouble with the name, but the warder knew what it was all about. He held up his hand and the room fell silent.

"Listen," he said carefully, "Khrushchev is not only a *huai-tan*. He is the biggest bad egg on earth!"

He turned on his heel and went on back to his office. My fifty students looked up at me with mouths agape, dumbfounded. Now, finally, it was their turn to learn that black was white. With painful, step-by-step care, summoning up all the colorful detail I could muster, I began explaining to them how the unthinkable had happened. My only problem in those three months was that I never succeeded in persuading them to take Albania seriously. When I told them that the population of our doughty little ally was only around a million, they sniffed with exquisite Chinese scorn. Only one million! Not worth considering. One of my students even permitted himself the speculation that if we 600 million Chinese got together, we could sink Albania by merely pissing on it.

RELEASE OF A COUNTERREVOLUTIONARY ELEMENT

On the morning of November 5, a warder came in with yet another set of clothes for me to try on. There was a Western-style gray woolen suit this time, with Chinese-made leather shoes and a white shirt. Both the shoes and the shirt were too big; so he took them away and reappeared later that afternoon with another set, which fit this time, except for the collar of the shirt. The next morning my guard opened the door directly after reveille and told me to put on my new clothes. He led me out to a courtyard, where a jeep with two pistol-bearing Sepos was waiting for me. There were no handcuffs this time.

We drove through the familiar streets of Peking, dodging bicycles; and when we passed the People's Congress Hall in midtown, I suddenly realized where we must be heading—the Supreme People's Court. It was an imposing edifice, baroque and pillared, topped by the inevitable red star. We hustled through the high-ceilinged hallways, our feet ringing on the polished wooden floor, our pro-

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gress marked by the regularly spaced brass spittoons that are *de rigueur* in any Chinese public building.

The courtroom we entered was a big, theaterlike place paneled with dark wood, with a raised platform in front for the judges, the usual witnesses' chairs, and an oversized portrait of Mao on the back wall. Up on the dais were an assistant judge, a secretary, and a prosecutor. The proceedings began as always.

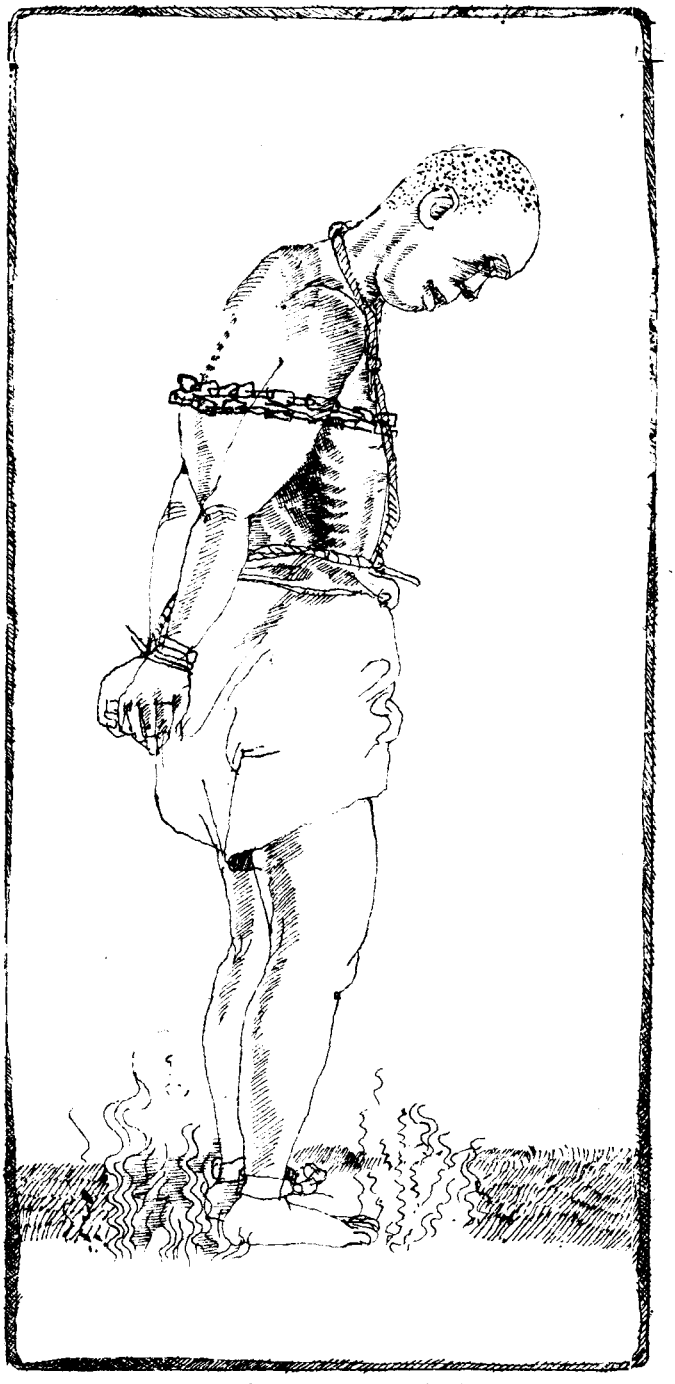
"What is your name?"

"Bao Ruo-wang."

"What were you originally called?"

"Pasqualini."

"Spell it."



". . . decision of the People's Court: death with immediate execution."

We continued down the check list of my past, my nationality, crimes, sentence, and reform. The judge read a statement that was surprisingly short.

"In view of the fact that Pasqualini has shown sincere signs of regret for his sins, the Chinese People's government has decided, as a measure of special leniency, to remit the remainder of his criminal sentence and to order him deported from the country. He will be taken to the border under police guard and there will be handed over to the competent authorities."

That was all there was to it. Relief had come as swiftly as the ceremony that had condemned me to the camps. It wasn't even 10 A.M. yet. Back in the jeep one of the Sepos ordered me to hold my head up higher.

"You're not a prisoner anymore," he said irritably. "Why are you bowing your head like that?"

"Habit," I said. "Sorry."

As soon as we were back at Prison Number Two, I was called to the director's office. He was nothing but smiles as he shook my hand.

"How does it feel to be free?" he asked cheerfully.

"I won't know until I'm out of prison."

"True," he said. "Quite true. Well, you'll be out soon. In the meantime, your ex-wife is here to see you."

Our last meeting was nervous and strained and would have been even without the presence of the guard. What more could we say to each other that we didn't already know? She wished me luck wherever I happened to land. I promised her I would provide for the kids, even if I never saw them again. This time they had a jeep to drive her back home.

My last day in China was Friday, the thirteenth of November, 1964.

At 1:30 they brought me and another released prisoner, named Rousset, out to the Canton side of the Lo Wu Bridge. At the far end I could make out an English policeman in his colonial uniform. Over to the right, steam locomotives chugged back and forth in the Shumchun freight yards. Their spokes were painted brilliant crimson and rimmed in white; the tenders they pulled bore painted red-flag emblems, signifying how many times their teams had overfulfilled their work norms. The boxcars were covered with billboard-size Chinese characters forming the slogan "Long Live the General Line" and "Long Live the People's Communes." It was a bright, warm, optimistic, sunny day.

The guard held us up a few more minutes for an identification photograph. Just as he was about to click the shutter, another guard shouted and ran toward us. Seizing Rousset's hat, he threw it roughly on the ground. Was he joking when he explained that the picture would be circulated to all the Chinese border posts, in order to prevent us from sneaking back in some day?

When they had finished the picture, the guard told us we could go. I picked up Rousset's hat and battered suitcase, and he took my bundle with the red seal. We walked across the bridge without looking back. □

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BRANDEIS'S ZIONISM

Letters of Louis D. Brandeis (1913-1915)
Edited by M. I. Urofsky and D. W. Levy
State University of New York Press, 750 pp., $20

Reviewed by Joel Carmichael

Culver Pictures

Judge Louis Brandeis flanked by Nathan Straus (left) and Rabbi Stephen Wise—*Leaders of American Judaism and strong supporters of the Zionist cause.*

Zionism, which created the State of Israel, is no doubt the most successful political movement in recent history—at least in the sense that its founders attained their goal. That goal—an independent Jewish state—was itself, to be sure, a way station to something far broader in scope, that is, the radical overhauling of the world Jewish community, the redefinition of its position among the nations, and ultimately, perhaps, the "healing" of the individual Jewish psyche.

This broader, more diffuse, and utopian aim cannot, of course, be said to have been realized, but if one accepts the more limited goal as the quintessential objective of the folk movement known as Zionism, it must be admitted that, in sharp contrast with other contemporary movements, several of which—Marxism, socialism—it was competing within the recruitment of followers, Zionism reversed a condition of Jewish helplessness that was almost 2500 years old.

Louis Dembitz Brandeis, famous as a legal thinker, a Supreme Court justice, and a liberal in the old American tradition, played a role in the Zionist movement that is not generally familiar to those who recall him as an American celebrity.

Yet it was a role that faithfully reflected an abiding interest and a fundamental facet of his character. It is pointed up with great clarity in the third volume of his letters, for the years 1913–1915.

During the latter half of this period, Brandeis functioned as chairman of the provisional executive committee on Zionist affairs; he was, in fact, regarded as the leader of American Zionism, by virtue of both his office and his eminence. His letters on Zionism, interspersed with countless others relating to his remarkable range of professional and personal interests, tellingly outline the degree of his devotion to the Zionist idea—the rebirth of Jewish self-respect prior to the establishment of a Jewish state—as well as the character of his officeholding in the Zionist movement.

Brandeis's relationship to Zionism is of some dramatic interest, in retrospect, because—as his editors make clear in tidy, authoritative footnotes—his career as a Zionist official was rather brief. He was, in fact, dislodged from his position in the movement a few years after the First World War by a revolt in which the key figures were Chaim Weizmann, later the first president of the State of Israel, and Weizmann's principal ally in American Zionism, Louis Lipsky. During the period of Brandeis's leadership, Lipsky was chairman of the executive committee of the Federation of American Zionists, and thus more or less directly subordinate to Brandeis. The bulk of the organizational Zionist letters in this volume are addressed to him.

Brandeis's abilities were so unusual—a penetrating intelligence with a core of common sense, a gift of expression, a tranquil authority—that his elimination from the Zionist movement must be explained by impersonal, i.e., "historical" factors.

Brandeis must seem to us now a mastodon—politically speaking, a creature of another age. He seems to straddle what we can see was a transitional period in the life of modern Jewry: the jump from the traditional Jewish community, largely segregated from its neighbors, to the Jewish community that began, no doubt after Napoleon, to be institutionalized by forces functioning autonomously within itself and streaming outward to interact with other forces in the larger society.

Brandeis's leadership came to him with ease: It was presented to him, so to speak, on a platter. He was the age-old distinguished Jew who, having made his career in the outside world without rejecting his origins, comes back to "represent" his fellow Jews essentially by virtue of what he *is*.

Brandeis was what had been known in a former generation as a *stadlan*, an intermediary between the Jewish community and its gentile rulers. The *stadlan* was generally a man of affairs sufficiently elevated beyond the ruck of average Jews to be close enough to feudally minded rulers—say, in Eastern Europe—for them to use him as a channel to the Jewish community; in his turn he would give the rulers his opinion of what would be good for their Jewish subjects.

BRANDEIS'S SPECIFICALLY "Jewish" career was, in fact, a mere reflection of his career in the great world. It was only after he had distinguished himself there, as he indicates, that his integrity as a man inclined him to take up the affairs of his people, to demonstrate, in fact, both to them and to the world at large his loyal concern. Although that concern crystallized in the "nationally" self-conscious program of Zionism, Brandeis was only too aware that his goal throughout was totally "American." As he said (in a letter of October 3, 1914, to Lipsky): "In order to be better Americans

Joel Carmichael, author, editor, and translator, has written several books on Karl Marx and Russia.

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we must be better Jews; to be better Jews we must become Zionists."

This formula summed up his attitude; its priorities are unmistakable. It is not the least surprising to read (in a letter of November 14, 1914, to his go-between, Jacob De Haas) that he had given "little thought to the problems [of the Jews]," except through making much of the point of "showing by our lives a due appreciation of the opportunities [of America]."

By and large, it was this preoccupation with America that seems to have led him to embark on his identification with Zionism in the first place. Or rather, there was an organic convergence, as it were, between his Jewish sentiments and his American identity. He felt that the similarity between American ideals and the immemorial Jewish ethos was paramount. He descended to the Jews, so to speak, from the plateau of his American high-mindedness.

In his essential detachment from Jewish life, Brandeis seems to resemble, curiously enough, the founder of political Zionism, Theodor Herzl, who had come back to the Jews from a career as a cosmopolitan playwright and journalist whose cultural roots were to be found in Vienna and Paris. Brandeis's remark, at the outset of his Zionist incarnation, that he had always been "separated from Judaism and very ignorant of things Jewish," might have fitted Herzl like a glove. The difference may only be that Herzl, after initiating his version of Zionism on the highest possible level (conversations with the kaiser, with the Rothschilds, etc.), died so young (at thirty-four) that it was possible for his initiative to be snatched up after his death in 1905 by more "Jewish" Jews, by the children of the Russian-Jewish *shtetl* —such as Weizmann—before anyone had time to make much of the discrepancy between Herzl's ideals and his personal history.

In the case of Brandeis, who only when well into his fifties expressed an interest in the Jewish affairs from which he felt so remote, his concern coincided with the upsurge enthusiasm for Zionism that was beginning to enthrall quite "ordinary" Jews—the Jews in the Jewish "street." It was precisely, in fact, the degree of organization imposed on the leaders of the nascent movement by the involvement of these ordinary Jews—soon to be called the "Jewish masses"—that accounted for the emergence of Weizmann and Lipsky.

In a word, the times were changing. Brandeis and his contemporaries were witnessing a sociopolitical shift of incalculable consequences. It is this shift that enables us to assess the quality of Brandeis's performance as leader. From the moment he was elected a delegate to represent the American Zionists but was obliged to decline an invitation to attend a World Zionist Congress in Vienna, it was plain that his function in the movement was somehow different in kind from that of those who were rapidly and visibly becoming "pros"—a concept that during Brandeis's leadership of the movement was not quite clear and that did not really become clear for another few years.

Brandeis's whole style revolved around his lofty detachment: His stance was that of instructing his minions to do this and that. A letter to a subordinate (B. Perlstein, on September 18, 1914), for instance, is revealing: "I trust Mr. [Nathan] Straus will be able to induce Dr. [Stephen S.] Wise to accept the chairmanship [of a certain committee]."

It was only natural for Brandeis to "arrange" things from on high—that was, after all, where he was.

"To be better Americans," wrote Brandeis, "we must be better Jews; to be better Jews we must become Zionists."

When he asks the same subordinate (in a letter of November 29, 1914) to request Lipsky to caution organizers of [his] meetings to select rather small halls," we seem to glimpse the star invited to grace a reunion by his presence.

It is possible to survey Brandeis's work during his "Zionizing" (as he referred to it to his brother). That work consisted in the main of personally persuading non- or anti-Zionists on a scholarly, quasi-philosophic level, of presenting them, in fact, with an urbanely composed brief as to why it was, on the whole, a good thing to become a Zionist. If this is contrasted with the incredibly arduous, tenaciously molelike labors of the "popular" leaders of the movement —like Weizmann, Shmarya Levin, and Lipsky—it is plain that we are contemplating an involvement of an altogether different kind.

Brandeis's interests were multifarious: They encompassed legal theory, administrative law, corporate business structures, ordinary business enterprise, etc. In this broad spectrum his Zionism could hardly have been more than a hobby; and as a hobby it was no doubt bound to be swamped, regardless of his sincerity, by the growing organization of the Jewish community.

The very success of the movement entailed Brandeis's eclipse as leader. His position as *stadlan* gradually became untenable; by the end of the First World War, with the success of Weizmann's Zionist group in London in securing the Balfour Declaration of 1917, which laid the foundations for the State of Israel thirty years later, it seemed inevitable that Brandeis would be eased out of organized Zionism by a conjunction of Weizmann's and Lipsky's efforts, culminating in the Cleveland Zionist Convention of 1921.

It is plain that Brandeis's intelligence, honesty, and zeal could not replace intense personal contact or make up for the absence of what is summed up, in short, as *commitment*. As fund-raising efforts became substantial, as bureaucracy evolved, as the "masses" came to be represented through elections, the whole style in which Brandeis had been "representing" them swiftly became obsolete. By the time the Balfour Declaration, with all its shortcomings, came to be implemented, transforming the organized Zionist movement, both in Palestine and throughout the world, into a quasi state, it was inevitable that personal elevation, personal leadership itself, would become bureaucratized. To put it in historical terms, the process of representation had been transformed from elitist ambassadorship to the hurly-burly of mass politics.

Brandeis was aware of this in a way, but somewhat inadequately. In a letter (November 24, 1915) to his friend Norman Hapgood, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, he commended an article written by Hapgood that referred to the eminent financier and philanthropist Jacob H. Schiff as a "court Jew."

FROM THE POINT of view of mass politics, to be sure, that was what Schiff was, but from that same point of view Brandeis himself, though far more entangled in politics, was just as remote from the day-to-day drudgery of the movement as was Schiff. Indeed, if we view the process in perspective, we might say that Brandeis was midway between Schiff and Weizmann.

There is one more bit of byplay that I think must enliven our contemplation of the unawareness of people undergoing history. In a letter to a newspaper (*Die Wahrheit*, November 2, 1915), Brandeis laid heavy emphasis on the "outstanding problem of the Jews of America" as being "organization." If it is true that this letter was composed—as the editors say with assurance—by Lipsky, whose own contribution to the movement was just this element of "organization," it is surely intriguing that Brandeis should have signed a text written by a subordinate epitomizing the historical factor that was to eliminate Brandeis from the movement. In historical developments there is never a shortage of irony. □

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Books in Brief

Current Books in Short Compass

AN AMERICAN VERDICT
by Michael J. Arlen
Doubleday
216 pp., $6.95

In 1969 Black Panther Fred Hampton was shot in a raid by the Chicago police. In the months that followed, two special grand juries were convened to look into charges that the shoot-out, which the Chicago police claimed had occurred between themselves and the Panthers, had been one-sided, that the police had, in short, killed an unresisting opponent. The man held responsible for the shooting was State Attorney Edward Hanrahan, whose men had executed the raid. Hanrahan gave out the press releases and the explanations and was in all matters relating to the raid the spokesman for the police side. In the end, the grand jury failed to indict him (though in the next election, he lost the state attorney job for Cook County to a Republican). The failure to indict Hanrahan, against what Mr. Arlen clearly considers to be the incontrovertible evidence of his guilt, is presented, with understandable delicacy, as "an American verdict." In an era when no jury could be found in America that would convict a black militant of anything, it could not have been easy for Mr. Arlen to make a serious to-do about the American nature of the injustice here. Still, he gives it a try. This is a book about Chicago politics, too—about the Democratic machine, about the lower-middle-class Irish and Poles who are a part of that machine—and, in its supercilious way, about Chicago itself. The Chicago police and their wives and the pols who attend Policemen's Recognition Night are rendered with what Mr. Arlen means, no doubt, to be restraint. But the very grain of this work is moral superiority, and very few are the details that escape that grain. That tone aside, the problem with Mr. Arlen's book is his devotion to a glancing impressionism, which swoops down to offer a word about politics here, about style there; almost always, Mr. Arlen has a word to say about style. One reads more than once that Judge Romiti (who failed to indict Mr. Hanrahan) wore an orange shirt under his robes; Mr. Arlen has a fastidious eye for the small vulgarities to which the unjust are prone. One has the feeling one has seen this sort of writing before, and one has, of course; it is a remarkably callow book, the sort that gives proof, if any is needed, that moral superiority is an insufficient reason to take up writing.

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PENTIMENTO: A BOOK OF PORTRAITS
by Lillian Hellman
Little, Brown and Company
234 pp., $7.95

Pentimento is a painter's term to describe what happens when the paint on canvas ages, becomes transparent, and shows the original lines of conception that were not meant to be seen in the finished work. Thus, the old conception is, after time, seen in another way, and that is the name of the artistic principle Miss Hellman has affixed to her book of portraits. It is an illuminating touch, but it could not have mattered much had no name been given to that which orders the imagination here, for past and present are equal in the overpowering reality the characters have. What was once vested in a great uncle, a richly mad friend, a turtle, is not less now, and is perhaps more. It is the force of original vision that keeps the portraits true, their drama tense and present. Indeed, it is one of Miss Hellman's virtues that she yields very little to the passage of time; it is as though the very clarity of old relationships that is set down here were proof against the altered vision. The portraits of Julia and Arthur W.A. Cowan are small masterpieces, each in its own darkly moving way. At the heart of these, and of all the portraits, there is a somberness that lives, side by side, with a most profound wit. The portraits are of friends, relatives, lovers, and of other times. But in the end, of course, it is Miss Hellman's sensibility that has the best sustained character, with the nose always quivering after the drama that will, after all, be found in the meanest of lives, after the joke that will be found in the soberest time. There are not many sensibilities about that give pleasure in the peculiarly sharp way that hers does, in proof of which contention there is this book of portraits.

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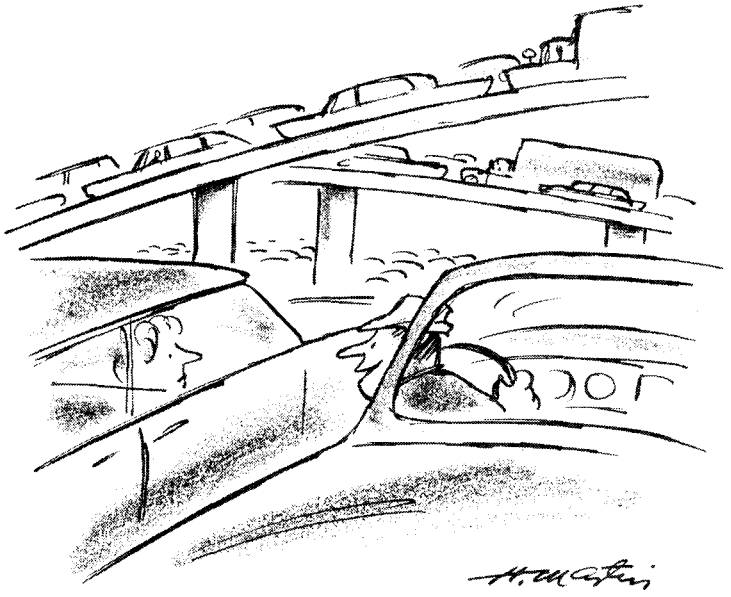
IN THE MIDDLE OF A LIFE
by Richard B. Wright
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
320 pp., $7.95

An unemployed salesman for a greeting-card firm in Toronto is confronted with the fact that he has little to show for himself, at forty-two, but the remnants of family life and of a minor literary ambition. There are flying visits from a vacuously appealing teenage daughter and a former wife of wintry disposition. Still, Mr. Wright's protagonist has his hopes for a good life and has, in his dolorous way, managed to hang on. Mr. Wright was determined to make his character an essentially positive sort, and that determination shows, with a certain monotony, throughout the novel. Nonetheless, he is an appealing figure, and he appeals from a novel that works. Mr. Wright has a canny ear for dialogue and for the rhythms of speech, and better still, he has a sense of the detail that is necessary to confer on one's characters if they are to be of any interest. It is a contemporary novel; that is, it deals—and deals handily—with what passes for contemporary ideas. If it is not a profound novel, it is nevertheless a literate and an absorbing one.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ



"Hi there. All the world's a freeway, and we spend our lovely hours staring at one another and then are no more."

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Booked Ahead

Notes on Forthcoming Books

With an eye to finding out what's booked ahead this fall, I hied myself to Los Angeles—for the first time—to the Seventy-third American Booksellers Association Convention. I've been to some fifteen earlier such clambakes, but this was the first one so far from home—usually it's in Washington, sometimes in Boston.

All I can say about Los Angeles is that everything they say about Los Angeles is true. Everything, good and bad: a city of parking lots; a city of angels. A sprawl: I phoned from the Biltmore Hotel, in the city center (if there is such a thing), to a friend whose mailing address is in Los Angeles, and I had to do it through long distance!

Seven thousand booksellers, wholesalers, publishers, authors, and representatives of the press, about a thousand of whom I think I've seen before, were there. But can I connect faces and names? Nix. So I started a list in my notebook of faces and names frequently forgotten. I must nail some of them down for the next time around. The center of activity, and the main sore-feet maker, was the hangarlike Convention Hall, filled with aisle after aisle of display booths. Most of them featured upcoming books, but here and there were to be found a newspaper or magazine looking for advertising, a poster house drumming up business, somebody pushing globes and maps, and the displays of remainder houses who take the mistakes that the publishers make.

The purpose of the convention is not so much to write up orders from the booksellers as to soften them up for the eventual visit of a salesman. There were giveaways all over the place; you could almost say that the publishers were selling books through buttons and badges. I made a badge-and-novelty-collection tour (with two small boys in mind) and here's what I have spread out before me: a package of alfalfa for sprouting at home (*The Beansprout Book*); a maple leaf lapel pin (Canadian publishers); a balsa-wood unassembled airplane (*The Green Air*) over which one wag exclaimed, "Ah, tongue depressors!"; three blank note pads with suitable advertising covers; a plastic container of candy pills (*The American Connection*, about the "ethical" drug industry); a pencil; a ballpoint pen; a live plant (fading fast); some balloons; a package of trading cards with bubble gum; a package of trading cards without bubble gum; postcards pushing Sesame Street by-products; matches pushing Fred Astaire; fudge, gum, chocolates; a Japanese fan with the legend I Am a Tuttle Book Fan; and two guides on how to keep healthy at a convention. And badges, badges, badges. Twenty-five, to be exact. One reads Pepys Is The One, another bears a photo of Frank Costello and the legend Uncle Frank Is Coming. Another has the mysterious message How's Your Avocado (Your *California* Avocado). Paper or plastic shopping bags were urged on you from all sides. Time-Life Books stole a march by handing out cloth book bags bearing the legend, in some foreign language, *Temporis/Vitae/Libri*, and some greedies were seen to have gone back for two or three.

All very well, but what's happening? The trends, the big books? Trend seemed to be non-fiction, particularly spectator-sports books. In fiction a lot of spy-thriller stuff. Not many really big-name authors. The two biggest (non?) books were Norman Mailer's lavish *Marilyn* and one about the greatest bad-taste maker of all time, *The Art of Walt Disney*. Graham Greene's new novel, *The Honorary Consul*, looked big, and there should be some fun with Ken Kesey's *Garage Sale*. The big "doctor" book was *Ward 402* by Ronald Glasser. And there were dozens of books on needlecraft, on movie nostalgia, on astrology (somebody stole the Pisces pamphlet from a display rack of astrological guides, and the publisher inserted a handmade sign reading Pisces Are Thieves). A couple of funnies were around—like *The Profit* by "Kehlog Albran"—and some crazies like *A Coloring Book of the Iliad and the Odyssey* and a book on how to decorate your blue jeans.

"I like you, Harry. My parents like you. My sister and brother like you. But my guru thinks you're inscrutable."

WHAT KIND of thing do you overhear? A salesman going over his list with a buyer: "We're printing 10,000; we're gonna get behind this book. Try one and see what happens." A lady wearing the badge of a health food store: "I've lost six pounds since Sunday; there isn't anything to *eat*!" One bookseller to another: "They wouldn't *think* of buying a hardback. Oh, no, anything more than a dollar-and-a-quarter is out." Same again, "Well, I understand you Colo*rad*ians don't want Californians comin' in there." Editor to editor: "We think that's part of the name of the game. . . . Having a dialogue is important."

There were all sorts of ancillary goings-on. Symposia on bookstore management, press conferences with such luminaries as Henry Miller, Christopher Isherwood, Linda Lovelace . . . and parties. Masses of us were bussed to the Universal Studios lot and a barbecue complete with a stunt-men shoot-out to introduce Time-Life's series on the Old West, and to another barbecue at the Beverley Wilshire for the aforementioned *Marilyn*. And, of course, stars were everywhere: Jack Lemmon, Jim Backus, Cesar Romero, and most important, an old hero of mine, Jack Oakie, who kindly sang the lyrics of "The Klopstockian Love Song" from the great *Million-Dollar Legs* to a small circle of admirers.

But enough. In summary, a wintry summary, it will not be an exciting publishing season. There are some pleasing novelties but mostly a lot of non-books and con-books, and hardly any literature. Emphasis will be on the book you buy for a gift rather than the book you buy to *read*: Thirty-eight thousand four hundred titles a year, but not much to read. Please, this can't be the wave of the future?

WILLIAM COLE

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(Continued from page 24.)
private enterprise could do a better job and serve a wider audience spectrum than what was planned for the channel. "I was defeated," he now says philosophically, "by the large foundations." Good as the job that public TV does on occasion, there are still many who remember Landau's Channel 13 as one of television's more glorious achievements.

LANDAU THEN TURNED to film making in earnest. First came *Long Day's Journey,* made for $400,000, with a cast that includes Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. Next came *The Pawnbroker,* and once more Landau had a fight on his hands. The film, a serious and harshly moving one, was the first to show frontal nudity, in a very brief scene between Rod Steiger and a black prostitute. The Legion of Decency promptly awarded it a C for Condemned rating, and the Motion Picture Association refused to grant the picture its seal of approval. Landau fought the ruling and won a reversal. Before that happened, though, the major distribution companies had turned down the picture, and Landau was forced into distributing it himself. Now a distributor as well as a producer, he acquired several films made by others, among them *The Servant, King and Country,* and *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg.*

As can be adduced from the above, Landau has come a long way from Pepcorn Chips. Although not exactly a culture vulture, Landau apparently respects —more than that, prefers—dramatic material that has both cerebral and social value. He puts it another way: "I respect the audience."

On the other hand, he is not so respectful of the typical week-in-and-week-out motion picture audience that supports the continuing dosage of violence, sex, and horror provided by the majority of film fare. "Those fourteen million a week are not the ones I hope to attract to my subscription series," he says. "I'm not looking for a mass audience; I'm looking for a very special one. Contrary to the judgment of some of the majors, I think the audience is there and will come out to see a very worthwhile attraction in a theater that is neat and clean, that they will enter with the lights on, and that will provide a program—an appropriate atmosphere, in other words."

To this end he has signed up, at this writing, 512 theaters, in most of the fifty states, that will play the series. Subscription prices will be thirty dollars for the eight enchanted evenings and twenty-four dollars for the matinees. This works out to $3.75 per filmed play, for evenings, hardly unreasonable for a reserved seat and for shows that, in the case of *The Iceman Cometh* at least, will run four hours, with two intermissions. Landau sees as his present task the filling of 1,500,000 seats per play, and his pepped-up organization, led by him and his wife, is hard at work on it. The originally skeptical film trade is now watching the operation with keen interest.

Landau is quick to credit others for the realization of the project. There were several shoals to negotiate, important among them the initial financing of films costing an average of $750,000 each. He says:

From the beginning, I realized I would need subsidy—not the official kind, which this country doesn't have, but subsidy from financial people, film companies, exhibitors, and, most important of all, the talent. For the major financing, I looked for a non-film-oriented company that had direct-to-consumer marketing expertise.

"It occurred to me that Mondays and Tuesdays were traditionally the worst nights for movie houses. What might I provide? It came to me: good plays, and on film."

The third firm he went to, American Express, bought Landau's idea and enthusiasm almost at once. Landau quotes Howard Clark, chairman of the American Express board, as commenting: "We've all joined in combating pollution of the environment. Perhaps we should join in combating pollution of the spirit." At any rate, a new subsidiary called American Express Films, Inc., is joining with Landau's organization in presenting the series.

Stars of the caliber of those in the play series would have quickly used up the planned budgets and more if they demanded their usual fees. Landau had little trouble convincing them to join in, whether as playwright, director, or star, for no more than $25,000 each—a relatively low figure for a star of the popularity of Lee Marvin, appearing as Hickey in *The Iceman Cometh,* who has been known to take $750,000 for his presence in one film. Should the series turn out to be profitable, all will be further rewarded by a suitable percentage.

WHEN AMERICAN Express agreed to participate, a stipulation was made that Landau would use one of the major film companies to distribute the series. As Landau gently puts it, "They wanted the comfort of the association of a major. But so, as it turned out, did my own banks, from which I raised my own and my wife's share of the financing." Landau entered into an agreement with Columbia to cofinance and distribute, but first there was a knotty problem to be overcome. Did not the selling in advance of eight unseen films amount to a breach of the block-booking prohibition on the film industry? The divorce of production and exhibition came about in 1948 and has been rigidly interpreted by the Justice Department ever since. Back to the lists went Landau, and seventeen months later he obtained a court ruling that permitted him to book his eight films in advance. The ruling specifically allowed the repertory film concept to proceed, on the assumption that it was in the public interest. By the time the court okay came through, Columbia had cooled on the project. With all eight films in production, four in Hollywood and four in England, Landau was faced with the prospect of no theaters to play them in.

Then came what he likes to think of as one of his finest hours, metaphorically speaking. He dashed on an eight-day plane tour of the country, making grasshopperlike jumps to major national theater chains and some important minors, to sell them on his American Film Theatre. "I made impassioned speeches," he said. "I appealed to their conscience, to their half-empty houses on Mondays and Tuesdays, and I came back with a contract from each and every one of them." He also darkly hints at pressure against the plan from interests who opposed turning over one Monday and Tuesday of each month to the non-popcorn crowd.

Landau, who is on the roly-poly side, claims to have once excelled at basketball. It would be hard to envisage Landau driving past a Willis Reed or a Wilt Chamberlain for the basket, and it is almost as hard to envisage the rather gentle and jovial man bulling through a project that required the enlistment of a major corporation, of banks, of theater-chain operators, of the courts, of stars and their agents, and that now requires the mailing of 10 million brochures to that "very special audience" that he hopes will want to subscribe to his series. "If we should die," he speculates a little sadly, "we will have to go the other way." By that he means the typical patterns of general release, with subsequent sale to television. Meanwhile, he sits smiling, beaming even, in his large, quiet office, where MGM used to reign, furnished with white washable plastic-covered sofas, suspended pots holding ferns, and no desk but, instead, a coffee table with only one telephone on it. Buttons on the phone light up frequently, but no buzz or ring is to be heard, merely a gentle, soothing chime. As the trade would say: Whatever happens, Landau and the series have class. □

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OPEN SANDWICH, OPEN CITY

by Dena Kaye

On a summer's day Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens is an earthly fairyland where the streets are garnished with barrels of flowers, soaring fountains, and Japanese lanterns. Here and there one may discover a Moorish palace, a Chinese pagoda, or even a Ferris wheel. Free concerts pepper the air with classical music, moody Italian ballads, and American rock. At the open-air Peacock Theater, pantomimists perform the world's only production of traditional commedia dell'arte, the Italian popular comedy of the sixteenth century that was first presented in Denmark over a century and a half ago. Some thirty restaurants run the scale from fancy French food to simple *smørrebrød*—Danish open-face sandwiches.

The Danes will tell you that Tivoli is an expression of national character. Some say the gardens reflect the allegro and fanciful spirit of a people who revel in life's pleasures more than their sober-minded Scandinavian brothers. Tivoli is a *hyggeligt* place, a Danish word as difficult to translate in one breath as is *gemütlich* in German. *Hyggeligt* refers to a peculiarly Danish sense of well-being, a visceral and mental comfort that comes when one is with friends and the world's problems evanesce, albeit temporarily.

When Walt Disney visited the Danish magic kingdom, he must have been struck by this quality, for he remarked that Disneyland in California was unique, but it lacked the cozy charm of Tivoli, which comes with age.

"Who else but a Danish king would build an amusement park to take his people's mind off politics?" observed one Copenhagener. It was in this way that Georg Cartensen proposed the plan for the park to King Christian VIII about a hundred and thirty years ago. A writer, diplomat, and architect, among other professions, Cartensen felt that Copenhagen should have an amusement area similar to London's Vauxhall Gardens, a fashionable retreat that, from 1661 to 1859, tempted visitors with concerts, restaurants, and other diversions.

The design was to be cast in the Renaissance mold of the gardens at Tivoli outside Rome, best known for their rampant greenery and profusion of fountains. Copenhagen's park opened in August 1843 as "Tivoli and Vauxhall" (the name Vauxhall was later dropped) and drew 3165 visitors. Today, about four million people seek its enchantment during the May-to-September season.

Tivoli is a playful, but sacred, outcropping in a city that is the senior port of Scandinavia and the heartbeat of Denmark. The same imagination that once inspired the park now serves pragmatically to preserve traditions and sparks the current efforts to make Copenhagen a more *hyggeligt* place to live in.

Old parts of town are being manicured to maintain the characteristic flavor amid anonymous skyscrapers. Many countries, in fact, are rushing to preserve their centuries-old, man-made environment. Among the most recent efforts are plans for the "European Architectural Heritage Year of 1975." Preliminary discussions were held at a July meeting in Zurich, attended by representatives from thirty nations.

SCANDINAVIAN versions of *le bistro*, that small, intimate eating establishment, set the new style in dining. Exhibitions to nurture Danish design continue to sprout. Shop-lined city streets called pedestrian malls are turning sections of the city into one big sidewalk.

Although Mayor John Lindsay of New York fought two years for a mall on Madison Avenue, only to be defeated, the Strøget, Copenhagen's walking street, has been labeled "Pedestrians Only" for ten years. Strøget is really five different streets linked together (none of them called Strøget) to form a crooked mile. On the occasion of Copenhagen's 800th birthday in 1967, a table stacked with Danish delicacies split the promenade down the middle.

Strøget combines qualities of Fifth Avenue, Bond Street, the Champs Elysées, and New York's Forty-second Street. It is hemmed on both sides with such emporia as Dansk Designs, Georg Jensen Silver, Birger Christensen furs, Illums Bolioghus, a home furnishings store with goods that would tempt one to redo an entire house. There are some who prefer to ignore the notorious pornography shops whose placards advertise Supersex markets. Some of the latest offerings include tape cassettes on a wide variety of spicy subjects.

In the last few years other streets emptying into the Strøget have been converted into pedestrian malls. The lord mayor, Urban Hansen, says the overall plan will eventually free the inner area of the city from traffic. Even Copenhagen's flood of bicyclists aren't allowed. Two-wheelers enjoy such high status as a transport vehicle that bicyclists can get arrested for drunk driving—if, presumably, they can't pedal a straight line.

The Strøget proved such a success that

Strøget—*"Combines Fifth Avenue, Champs Elysées, and Forty-second Street."*
Danish National Tourist Office

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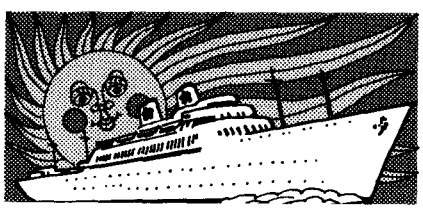

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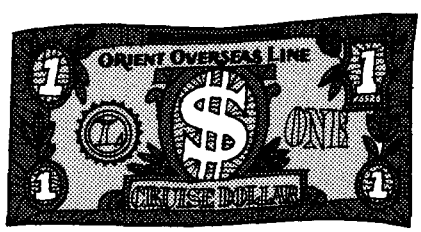

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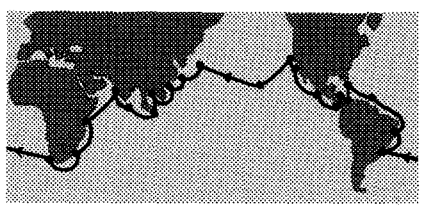
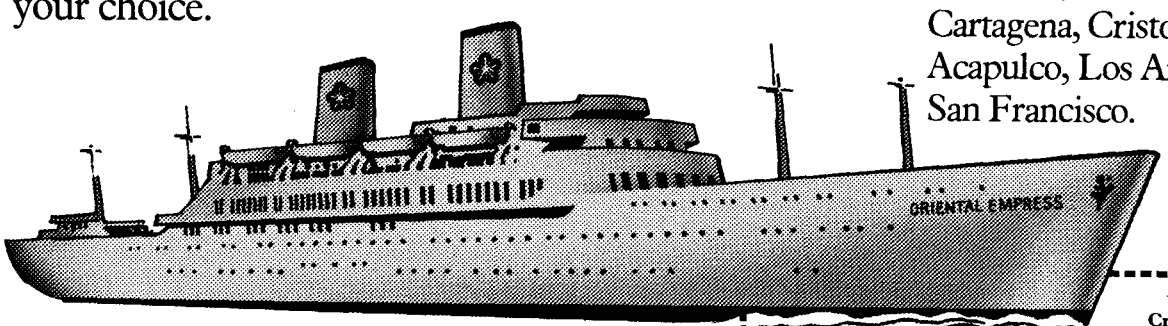


San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama, Keelung, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, Mombasa, Durban, Capetown, Rio, Salvador, Barbados, Port Everglades, Cartagena, Cristobal, Balboa, Acapulco, Los Angeles, San Francisco.



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Fiolstræde in the old Latin Quarter has become a walking street, too. Shops there sell old and rare books, antiques, and copperware piled Alp-high outside store windows. Besides customers, Fiolstræde attracts students heading for the University Library.

A few minutes' walk from Købmagergade, another new mall, Grayfriar's Square, is a stylish residential quarter closed to motorists. Bright-colored houses dating from the eighteenth century rim the cobblestone plaza, planted in the middle with a large tree. Every Saturday a trio financially supported by the city plays classical music under the spreading branches. And children play in a fountain, donated by a bank, splashing unsuspected passers-by.

Grown-ups, a breed of people who often forget how to enjoy themselves, according to Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's *Little Prince*, may find a corner of pleasure in the Bøf and Ost restaurant, a step away from the fountain in Grayfriar's Square. In this subterranean white-stucco den, cozy as a farmer's kitchen, one can choose from a short menu, specializing in beef and cheese.

The newest refurbished area off the Strøget is Pistolstræde, Copenhagen's smallest street. This narrow lane opens up into a courtyard, forming the pistol shape for which it is named. Eighteenth-century ocher-shaded houses, criss-crossed with brown strips, make one border of the courtyard. The other sides are trimmed with a restaurant, a design store, and an art gallery.

Pistolkæderen Steak House brings America's Wild West to a Danish town. The decor features red brick walls, tiled window casings, high-backed wooden chairs, a brass headboard on either side of the front door, and lots of plants. One can sit outdoors, too, surrounded by a barricade of wooden barrels filled with purple flowers called stepmothers.

A FEW STEPS away from the Steak House, one finds Johannes Hansen's Møbelsnedkeri. It is primarily a display center devoted to the work of Hans J. Wegner, a pioneer in the furniture style known as "Danish Modern." To carry on and encourage innovative design—particularly in young, unknown artists—Hansen's son Poul started the Design Forum. A snug, two-story building in the Pistolstræde courtyard houses the three-year-old enterprise. Here the works of Jørgen Gammelgaard, one of the Design Forum's top designers, are on view.

The most famous showcase for Danish designers is Den Permanente, The Permanent Exhibition of Danish Arts and Crafts established in 1931. Den Permanente grew out of the turn-of-the-century activity for the revival and preservation of old handicraft traditions that industrialization was rapidly destroying. William Morris, famed English artist and poet, protested that the machine caused the decline of form and design. Organized movements included the German "Werkbund" and French "Art Nouveau" which often used seasoned handicraft methods to develop new styles. The best known is Walter Gropius's Bauhaus, which combined the strengths of art, science, and technology.

It costs a Japanese couple less money to fly over the North Pole to Copenhagen and get married than it does to exchange the vows in Japan.

Alongside the struggle between handicraft and industry in Denmark, there was a growing competition from foreign industrial products. Suggestions were made that the small workshops band together to establish a joint sales organization. Today, forty-two years later, Den Permanente is an association of both small artisans-craftsmen and large industrial firms. Everything on exhibit (and for sale) must pass the standards of a small selection committee, elected by the members. Three floors of merchandise burst with lamps, stoneware, fabrics, jewelry, glass, wood, and furniture.

In the neck-and-neck race between Denmark and Italy for the design crown, this year's Danish entries include lamps in flying saucer shapes made from woven glass fiber (about $100); coil lamps, available in different widths, that twist and bend (around $20); traditional furniture designs in paler woods, such as beech, pine, and light oak. One might renew the case against handcrafted furniture, which averages three times the price of industrial-made products.

Quite opposite in spirit from this clean-lined design are the whimsical creations at the Bjørn Wiinblad House. One of Denmark's *primo* designers, Wiinblad makes ceramic table tops, little *objets*, fountains, tapestries, stage sets, and papier mâché pieces. Wiinblad also styled the porcelain for the 2500th anniversary of Iran, celebrated two years ago at Persepolis. Sweet girls' faces, birds, and flowers are recurring images in his works often painted in his favorite shade, a pale Wedgwood blue.

Vases, ashtrays, tall glasses, candle holders, and small items won't break the bank, with prices sliding from $10 to $50. But the ceramic table tops run upward of $2000, and a "little standing lamp" goes for $600. The day I dropped by, the biggest spender was a Japanese, ordering these expensive items as if he were buying pre Phase Four groceries.

Everyday conversation and major newspaper and magazine articles are referring to the Japanese as the New Travelers. Last season a total of almost one and a half million Japanese went overseas. In the first five months of this year, that figure jumped by 60 percent.

Nippon's new travelers have not neglected the Little Mermaid's domain. Forty-eight Japanese were married this spring at Copenhagen's city hall in a gratis group ceremony. Local newspapers carried half-page pictures of a wedding dinner at Store Kro Hotel in Fredensborg, less than an hour's drive up the Danish coast (billed as the Danish Riviera) from Copenhagen.

This scenario is made possible through a package deal conceived by a Tokyo travel agent. He calculated it would be of less or equal expense for a Japanese couple to get married outside their own country, because it is the custom for a couple (and their respective families) to give elaborate gifts to family and friends. For approximately the same price (presents can cost thousands of dollars), a couple flies over the Pole to Copenhagen; they spend the first night in separate hotel rooms, get married the next day, stay overnight together, and then dash off to Spain for a week.

THE JAPANESE are coming to Copenhagen in such numbers that several hotel managers have employed Japanese personnel to welcome the guests. Among them is the new SAS Scandinavia Hotel, a handsome structure with rooms and a restaurant overlooking the city. There are plans for opening a Japanese restaurant in the Scandinavia; Air France's Meridien Hotel in Paris has been slicing sashimi for over a year. Sheraton's tall tower also employs a bevy of Japanese.

Perhaps the most startling gesture of hospitality is offered at Oskar Davidsen's, the stronghold of *smørrebrød* (there are more than two hundred open-face varieties). A Japanese waiter has hand-printed the entire four-foot-long menu in Japanese. As Mr. Davidsen explains, "We don't have a typewriter with Japanese characters." One of the most popular sandwiches is named after Hans Christian Andersen. It's a pile of liver pâté, truffles, bacon, tomato, and grated horseradish on dark bread. If this seems a desecration of the national folk figure of the Danes, perhaps the only riposte lies in Davidsen's culinary imagination. He might, for instance, invent an open tempura sandwich on rye and name it for a samurai hero. □

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Australia. Buy this hunter's boomerang for $3.50. It's made in the Outback, from wood that sharpens like steel. And it really does come back. The man who sells it to you will tell you why. We'll take you there any day of the week from Los Angeles.

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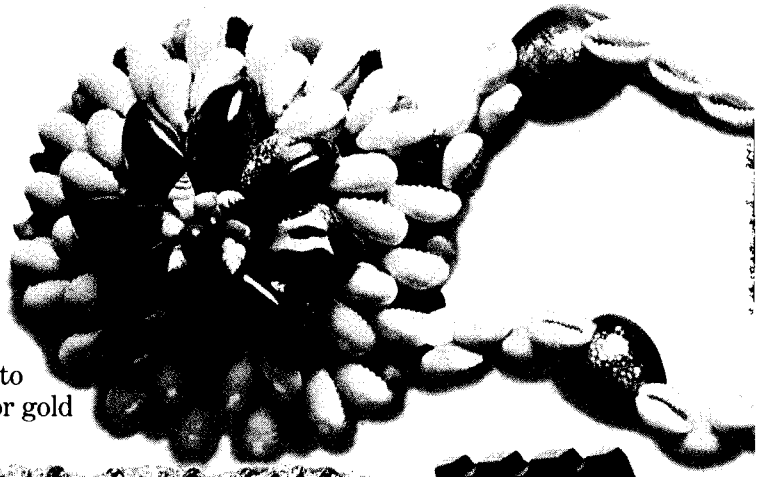
When you leave, friends you've made say goodbye with a lei of shells. While you're there, buy several of these spectacular necklaces, fashioned entirely of shells from the lagoon. One like this costs $2.00.



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Samoa.
Reach into the clearest water in the world and pick up incredibly beautiful shells. The experience is priceless. The shells are free.

Fiji.
These primitive masks come in all sizes. Natives carve them from soft nawa-nawa wood and sell them to collectors for as little as $1.75, as much as $20. We can take you through Fiji from Los Angeles and Honolulu, on your way to Auckland.

air new zealand
The first DC-10s to our South Pacific.

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Bob Solomon

Rage.

Rage is frustration backed against the wall. It can turn into destructive violence. Rage can incinerate the culture that allows it to get out of hand.

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We can't stifle conflict: a healthy society needs it. But conflict can be managed. It can be put to good use in a rational way. If you know how. We know how.

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS
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Global Report

Tokyo—Jun Ui, a scientist who has gained an international reputation for his pollution studies, predicts that "at least 50 percent of the common people [in Japan] will die out in twenty years at the present economic growth rate, even if all technological antipollution measures known at present are applied." So far mercury poisoning has killed 71 persons, paralyzed about 600, and affected at least 8000. Cadmium poisoning has affected 500, and symptoms of PCB poisoning have been found in 10,000. Lesser illnesses attributed to environmental pollution are numbered in the hundreds of thousands.

Moscow—Courts in the Soviet Union not only have failed to support the cause of conservation and an unpolluted environment but also stand accused by the Soviet press of being a positive hindrance. Fines imposed by administrative agencies for violations of the law may be appealed to the courts. A survey of several republics found that between 60 and 82 percent of the appeals were upheld. In other cases already minimal fines were further reduced. Most of the violations cited were for discharging polluted water, hunting, or tree felling.

Eco-house

A London architectural student is achieving a lot of interest and support for an "ecological house" of his design, construction, and occupancy. The self-sufficient habitat will have solar heating, rain collection, hydroponic gardening, and waste recycling for the production of methane for cooking and fertilizer.

Washington—The mosquito is gaining on man. Still the worst carrier of disease, the mosquito transmits eighty different viruses to man, of which thirty-nine cause frequent or serious illness. The most pernicious is malaria, which results in about a million deaths a year and brings suffering to hundreds of millions.

An expert panel assembled by the National Academy of Sciences has been looking into alternative methods of mosquito control to replace the insecticides that have adverse ecological effects and that the mosquito has built up resistance to. Among less commonly discussed methods are the introduction of plants that emit a larvae-killing toxin or exude a mucilage in which the larvae, having become stuck, drown; the use of insect juvenile hormones that upset the normal development of mosquitoes; and "competitive displacement," by which a harmless mosquito might be induced to dominate the food or living space of a dangerous species.

Zurich—Franz Weber is a Swiss-born journalist who has been both idolized and doused with liquid manure for his pains as a highly successful environmental activist. Frequently referred to as the European Ralph Nader, Weber has concentrated primarily on discouraging developers, especially in the French, Swiss, and Italian Alps. One effective technique has been to persuade concerned landowners to sell him key parcels at a fraction of the price offered by the developers, who, thwarted, move on. Now Weber, with new and, for the

Modernization Without Urbanization in a Corner of Europe

From an environmental standpoint, Yugoslavia is of exceptional interest: (1) the country falls midway between Communist and free-market economies (85 percent of the farmland is privately owned, but with a limit of 25 acres per household); (2) it is in midpassage between the developing and developed nations (industry grew eightfold between 1939 and 1969, and recently passenger cars have been increasing at about 40 percent annually); (3) it has been relatively flexible and innovative in its planning; and (4) it is a federal state with strong, separate nationalisms in most of its eight republics, which have maintained a high degree of autonomy.

There are the usual pollution problems: At least four industrial cities have dangerous levels of air pollution; about 1000 factories dump untreated waste into the country's rivers; parts of the Dalmatian coast are very nearly dead; and at Porec and Dubrovnik, the two biggest tourist areas, pollution of the sea is said to be worse than at the Lido in Venice.

Since World War II, the proportion of the population engaged in agriculture has dropped from 75 percent to 37 percent, but without a proportionate increase in efficiency. In a country deemed capable of feeding fifty million people, hundreds of millions of dollars of scarce foreign exchange must be expended to import food for Yugoslavia's 21 million people.

The flight from the land has meant serious problems of urbanization in most of Yugoslavia. An exception is Slovenia, the most developed, productive, and literate of the republics—and the least urbanized. It has only two towns (Ljubljana, the regional capital, and Maribor) with more than 50,000 inhabitants, and no less than 61 percent of the population of about 2 million lives in settlements with fewer than 2000 inhabitants.

"Any society," writes Dennis J. Rusinow, of the American Universities Field Staff, "which appears to be doing a relatively successful job of industrialization and economic and social modernization with an urbanization rate significantly lower than the expected norm is worth some attention." According to Rusinow's unpublished analysis, the explanation is partly geographical and historical, partly ideological (Marxist), but with a large element of free and conscious choice.

Slovenia lies in the mountainous northwest corner of Yugoslavia, "the place where Latin, Slav, and German worlds meet." From 1335 to 1918 it was a Hapsburg possession, and the centuries of alien rule combined with a high degree of local autonomy did much to shape attitudes of independence and suspicion of outsiders, and to develop cultural exclusivism and habits of industry. Because the larger towns "remained fortresses of German culture," Slovene life centered in the villages. By the end of the last century, Rusinow writes, the Slovenes had created that "rare phenomenon (known also, for example, in Wales), a 90 percent literate peasant nation with a developed cultural infrastructure of schools, reading rooms, and voluntary social organizations as well as a widespread network

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Global Report (continued)

first time, adequate financial support, has established an office in Paris; but he is not saying where he will strike next.

Aman—The extent of the drought in sub-Saharan Africa has tended to obscure more localized disasters, such as that in Jordan. Low rainfall and a rare, late frost have had such a severe impact here that the 1973–74 wheat crop is expected to be only 25 percent of normal. The sorely taxed World Food Program has responded with $1 million in emergency food aid—just enough for 250,000 people for two months.

New York—In formulating national development plans during the decade of the Sixties, only twenty-seven out of seventy developing countries gave any recognition to "population problems," and only eighteen countries supported policies and programs that would reduce fertility.

These are among the findings of a major study by B. Maxwell Stamper of the Population Council. He discovered that most of the seventy countries studied did not even plan for the consequences of short-term population growth but generally assumed an essentially static situation. They failed to take into account that by the end of the plan period children already born would place new demands on government services, schools, and the job market.

Of the forty-three countries that ignored population problems, almost half had population growth rates of 3 percent or more, and all but seven had growth rates of 2 percent or greater.

Dakar—Out of this West African port city next summer will sail some thirty ships of eight nations to conduct the most comprehensive study of tropical weather ever undertaken. The three-month Atlantic Tropical Experiment will be the opening round of the Global Atmospheric Research Program, a vast effort to make a quantum jump in our understanding of the atmosphere and its interaction with land and water.

The primary objectives of next summer's experiment "are to extend our knowledge of those aspects of the meteorology of the equatorial belt that are essential for a proper understanding of the circulation of the atmosphere as a whole and, at the same time, to improve understanding and prediction of weather in the tropics." A better comprehension of tropical disturbances is also expected to improve long-range weather forecasting in the Temperate Zones.

Oceanographers will take advantage of the unprecedented flotilla of scientific ships to conduct their own experiments on the interface between the ocean and the atmosphere.

Jacksonville, Florida—The recreational home boom shows no sign of letup, and non-urban land sales in the United States average between $4 and $6 billion a year. The field is no longer dominated by fly-by-night operators but by such grants as ITT, Republic Steel, Standard Oil of California, and Weyerhauser.

Among the states affected, Florida has no equal. Currently the most controversial development is ITT's Palm Coast, near here, which is designed ultimately to accommodate 750,000 peo-

Slovenia (continued)

of peasant cooperatives, artisan workshops, and attendant institutions like savings banks."

Tendencies already shaped in Slovenia were reinforced by Marxist philosophy of industrial development, particularly as it was elaborated in Yugoslavia by a Slovene, Boris Kidric, who set down nine principles that industrial planners were to follow:

1. Industries should be located near the natural resources they use.
2. Industries, particularly the higher stages of manufacturing, should be located near the markets where their products are consumed.
3. Industries should be allocated interregionally in such a manner as to develop regional specialization.
4. Industries should be allocated interregionally to achieve greater regional self-sufficiency.
5. There should be an even distribution of industry throughout the country.
6. Industry should be located so as to advance the economic and cultural development of all regions inhabited by national minorities.
7. Industrial location policy should eliminate economic and social differences between town and country.
8. Industrial location planning must take heed of defense needs.
9. Industrial location choices should facilitate international division of labor.

This deliberate decentralization was political as well as economic. The favored unit was the commune, each aspiring to have its own industrial plant. "In such a system," writes Rusinow, "the Slovenes continued to do what they had already been doing, but because they started with more appropriate economic and social foundations, they did it a little better."

Today, 42 percent of the Slovene work force is employed in industry and related occupations—more than twice that in agriculture. There are more than 2000 industrial enterprises, each with an average of 500 to 600 employees. And true to its tradition, 59 percent of the non-agricultural labor force live outside of urban communities. They commute long distances (by European standards) to work but remain farmers on weekends. Often factories start work very early so that employees can get back to their farms by midafternoon to do the daily chores.

Some Slovenes believe that the relative inefficiency of small farms and factories; the immobility of labor; and the absence of concentrations of industry, capital, education, and talent are handicaps that will increasingly restrain development and hurt Slovenia's competitive position. But the people clearly like the polycentric pattern that has evolved, and after much public debate, conscious planning has been undertaken to perpetuate it. One of Slovenia's leading economists, Dr. Erman Krzisnik, defends the concept, pointing out that "urban infrastructure is really the most expensive part of total economic development and social modernization." He believes that improved services can be brought to the people where they are and sees the future in terms of "all Slovenia as one garden city."

Slovenes are born, not made, environmentalists. Ten percent of all adults are members of the Mountaineering Society, which as early as 1957 took the antiquated steelworks to court for polluting the upper reaches of the Sava Dolinka. What distinguished the case was that the instigators of the suit were largely managers and workers at the offending plant, so that plaintiff and defendant were indistinguishable.

"*Every* Slovene," says Krzisnik, "is in some way, in his heart, conscious of what is at stake, of the connection between environmental protection, population distribution, and employment."

And Rusinow concludes: "The question, therefore, is not whether the regional spatial plan and other policies can keep the population dispersed but whether such dispersed people really can be as economically efficient and culturally 'modern' as they aspire to be."

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ple. ITT owns 90,000 contiguous acres of prime shoreline, of which 20,000 are registered for sale; so far $130 million dollars' worth have been sold.

According to *Coastal Zone Management,* a new Washington newsletter, "ITT and the state of Florida are eyeball to eyeball over the question of the environmental validity" of the development. An official of the Department of Pollution Control calls it "an ecological disaster." The state is threatening to file suit unless ITT, among other things, assumes corporate responsibility for the promises it has made to buyers.

Bogotá—With its strong tradition of Roman Catholicism and *machismo,* Latin America might seem to be the last place in the world where vasectomy would be accepted. But here in Colombia, and also in Costa Rica, vasectomy clinics have met with considerable success.

Recently 249 men who had had the operation agreed to be interviewed. Almost to a man, they were well satisfied with the outcome, and 82 percent had recommended vasectomy to at least one other person; 61.4 percent thought that satisfaction during coitus had increased, while 32.9 percent said that it had remained the same; nearly 40 percent stated that frequency of intercourse had increased; and a majority reported that after the operation their wives more frequently initiated sexual relations. Although no adverse side effects were acknowledged, 3.2 percent still feared there might be some.

The Hague—Holland is the first nation to have an air-pollution monitoring network sufficient to cover the whole country. Continuous measurements of sulphur dioxide are being fed into a centralized computer from 217 stations. Eventually the network will monitor other pollutants.

Sofia—After decades of reliance on a streetcar system, now threatening to break down, this Bulgarian capital is constructing 100 miles of subway. The task is made more difficult because a number of thermal and mineral springs underlie the city and will require a complex drainage system.

Antwerp—According to the magazine *Agenor,* a suit was brought against the giant non-ferrous metals firm Hoboken, a subsidiary of the *Société Générale.* The action was taken by a woman whose cows, in a field downwind from the firm's factory near here, had died of lead poisoning. The court ruled that under Belgian law it could act against the firm only if the victims were people. In that case the maximum fine would have been the equivalent of about seventy dollars.

Overfishing in the Northeast Atlantic

This is the second article in a two-part series on the Northeast Atlantic by our correspondent in Geneva.

The lengthening second "cod war" over the rights of British trawlers to fish the waters of the Icelandic continental shelf has many facets—it is a potential landmark case in the development of the law of the sea, a source of conflict within the North Atlantic Alliance, a classic instance of Gulliver's being tied down by the Lilliputians. Another fascinating and relatively neglected story of which it forms a chapter is the struggle to save the marine resources of the Northeast Atlantic and Arctic oceans from depletion through overfishing. The Icelanders not only seek a larger share of the catch for themselves; they also want to centralize in their government responsibility for conserving the resources on which their livelihood overwhelmingly depends.

While the Icelanders' past record as conservationists invites some skepticism, their contention that the fish stocks are in danger of overfishing is beyond dispute. Several of the most important species, especially cod and herring, are severely threatened. The estimated weight of the Northeast Arctic (Barents and Norwegian seas) cod stock has diminished from 6.5 million tons in the mid-1950s to 2.8 million tons in 1973. A scientific working group that has studied the state of all North Atlantic cod stocks concluded that spawning stocks may be so low that there will be a sharp decrease in new offspring and consequently a very large drop in total catch.

More drastically—and here we come to Iceland's past record—the annual catch of the Atlanto-Scandian herring, which are caught around Iceland and off the coast of Norway, peaked at about 2 million tons in 1966; by 1970 it was down to 80,000 tons, and fishery biologists see no signs that recovery of the stock has begun. The annual catch of North Sea herring, whose abundance was once thought to be almost unlimited, has declined from 1.4 million tons in 1965 to 620,000 tons in 1970, composed of higher proportions of young fish.

Total catches for all fish from the area have not yet begun to decline significantly, since the development of the fish meal and oil industry has made previously underexploited species economically interesting. Increases in the catch of such species as the mackerel and capelin have compensated to some extent for the fall in cod and herring catches. But these gains are likely to be short-lived, as the technological developments responsible for striking increases in productivity (and thus for the cod and herring depletion) are now being applied to the full range of species.

Far from having gone unnoticed, these developments have been meticulously documented and analyzed by the fisheries research body with responsibilities in the area—the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea. Its regulatory counterpart, the Northeast Atlantic Fisheries Commission, has enacted numerous regulations applicable to virtually all fleets operating in the area and aimed at restricting certain kinds of harmful operations, such as the use of excessively small-meshed nets. Certain closed seasons and closed areas have been designated. But these efforts have proved too little and too late.

A consensus has developed that what is needed now is a system of national catch quotas for the species that need protection. Translating that consensus into action, however, has been a slow and laborious task. Necessary legislative authority had to be sought by all the states involved (which include Poland and the Soviet Union as well as the West European fishing states), and agreement will now have to be reached in regard to the figures as well as the principle of quotas. Experience has shown that this cannot be counted on. Governments have shown greater concern about preventing a sudden drop in fisheries employment, which is slowly diminishing anyway, than about ensuring the long-run health of the fisheries. Somewhat more decisive action has been taken on behalf of salmon, which has much less economic importance but has some important allies. Politicians like to catch and eat it.

One of the factors that distinguish the current Anglo-Icelandic dispute from the preceding ones (which Iceland eventually won) is the involvement of the European Common Market. It is refusing to apply the concessions on fish that are contained in its free-trade agreement with Iceland until a solution satisfactory to its members is reached.

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QUOTES

MAURICE STRONG
Executive Director of UNEP, writing in the current issue of Foreign Affairs

The protection of the vast international commons—the oceans and the atmosphere beyond national jurisdiction—will engender growing and continuing costs. Perhaps these might best be met by some form of international toll or levy based on the use of the commons by aircraft and ships—in effect, an "ocean toll-booth" system. Or perhaps the toll or levy could be based on the use of fossil fuels—at any rate a formula should be designed to have these costs borne by those who primarily utilize and benefit from, and thus deplete or damage, these resources. Estimates vary as to the amounts that would be realized, but one very preliminary and tentative study using the year 1970 as a basis indicates that the imposition of a one-cent tariff on each net ton of maritime merchandise entering all countries, with the exception of the developing countries, would result in an annual total of $12.6 million. A toll on air-passenger transport, assuming one dollar per passenger between Europe and North America, would bring about $10 million. And a toll on petroleum whereby two cents per barrel would be charged in some cases and one cent in others—with the developing world charged nothing—would realize on the order of $100 million. This could be used for research, monitoring, and cleanup operations in the international commons. . . .

The inescapable fact is that the environment cannot be sectoralized. It is a system of interacting relationships that extends through all sectors of activity, and to manage these relationships requires an integrative approach for which present institutional structures were not designed.

What is required now is the addition of the ecological dimension to the management of man's activities. The basic function is to adjust and readjust the intricate balance of environmental integrity and social well-being. I believe that a drastically new concept of management is vital—one which leads in the opposite direction from overblown, centralized, permanent superbureaucracies with decision-making authority concentrated at the top. Indeed, I believe that we are fast approaching, and in some cases may have exceeded, the effective limits of centralized bureaucratic structures, especially in public institutions.

This means that lines of communication and decision making must be given much greater horizontal and transsectoral dimensions than are provided for in existing structures. It means evaluation of important activities in terms of their social and environmental consequences as well as their economic consequences. It means allocating the real costs of activities to those who benefit from them, assigning real value to such traditionally free goods as water and air, and radically revising our concepts and methods of valuing the future.

ROBERT L. SANSOM
Assistant Administrator for Air and Water Programs, EPA

If aggressive preventive action is not taken, 66 billion gallons is a conservative estimate of the oil and oil-derived products we project will have been spilled and discharged world-wide between the years 1974 and 1995. . . .

Each year there are an estimated 10,000 discharges of oil and hazardous substances to the navigable waters of the United States. Of the total number of spills currently being reported, about 85 to 90 percent involve petroleum products and range from the spectacular offshore wild wells and tank casualties to day-to-day oil discharges from pipelines, terminals, refineries, storage facilities, and other industrial works.

The record shows that in 1972 the United States was subjected to oil spills amounting to about 30 million gallons from known sources. In addition, studies undertaken by some individual states and the American Petroleum Institute reveal that each year as much as 700 million gallons of used motor oils is unaccounted for. . . . Perhaps as much as 80 percent of spilled oil stays in the environment because of our inability to recover it. . . .

It is a symbol of the ecological expectations of our people that not even the threat of an energy crisis, so called, has been able to turn the public from its insistence on responsible ways of producing that energy. The environmentalists are now in the majority, and I don't think an occasional severe shortage or even major changes in consumption habits and commuting patterns are going to turn them around. We're just going to learn to live and work and play under new rules. . . . An industry that can drill wells to 30,000 feet directionally from a platform and solve the problem of lost circulation of drilling fluids can also improve its housekeeping procedures and prevent most oil spills.

Books

Ecological Principles for Economic Development by Raymond F. Dasmann, John P. Milton, and Peter H. Freeman. John Wiley & Sons, 252 pp., $5.00 (paper).

Starting from the premise that a good deal of ecological knowledge and relevant experience exists, the authors here assemble what is known in a form most useful to development planners and decision makers. Concisely written, almost a handbook, with two-page summaries of each chapter, this book ought to be read by every aspiring environmentalist or development economist. It also contains photographs, tables, diagrams, bibliographies for each chapter, and an excellent index. Suggestion to grant-giving foundations: Translate into French and Spanish and provide copies to every ministry of every country in the developing world. (Published for the Conservation Foundation and the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources.)

The Family Wilderness Book by Mary Scott Welch. Ballantine Books, 333 pp., $1.65 (paper).

If you have never stepped into the wilderness for a long period and are ready to do so, this is the book you need. It is a complete guide to a camping holiday, and by no means for the novice alone. Tightly written and pocket-size, it is a consumer's guide to hiking, biking, packing, canoeing, and skiing in a natural environment.

Must the Seas Die? by Colin Moorcraft. Gambit, 194 pp., $6.95.

A young Britisher describes the worsening condition of the oceans and seas and suggests what should be done about it. Because he writes in geographic and topical specifics, this brief treatment of a now familiar story is a cut above the average and a good introduction to the subject.

The Human Environment (reports and documents selected by the Woodrow Wilson International Center). Microfiche Publications, $450.

Not a book, of course, but a collection of nearly 800 items relating primarily to the Stockholm Conference, now all on microfiche. Included are the Wilson Center's bibliography and abstracts of the seventy national reports (also available in full for an extra charge) and other materials of governmental and non-governmental organizations.

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(U Thant:*Continued from page 22.*)
argue the case for an end to indiscriminate slaughter.

Now that President Nixon, with the assistance of Dr. Kissinger, has rightly legitimized the Communist governments in Moscow and Peking, it is only logical to conclude that military alliances need a thorough reappraisal. The so-called enemy of two decades ago suddenly looks different, even respectable. The tragic confusion and blunder in American policy and the occasional bluster of Peking were mainly responsible for the prolongation of the Vietnam war. Now Americans are less confused and the Chinese less arrogant, at least toward Washington. SEATO's chances of survival are growing slimmer, although the people of Southeast Asia, who ostensibly received some benefit from the organization, will continue to suffer for a long time.

Defenders of the Vietnam war have argued that the way to preclude future Vietnams is for the family of nations to announce firmly that "freedom" will be protected everywhere. World revolutionaries who believe the war in Vietnam was an inevitable outcome of "U.S. capitalist imperialism" used to think the more Vietnams the better. To argue that if Saigon falls today, Honolulu will totter tomorrow is either insane pessimism or insane optimism. Moreover, the fact is there are countries where revolutions neither can nor should be contained.

One heartening aspect of recent developments is that the orthodoxies of the cold war are gradually being reassessed. Even military alliances are under strict scrutiny: Old alliances never die; they just seem to fade away.

Today there also appears to be more intelligent thinking worldwide about the future of our planet. Empty slogans about "burying capitalism" and "containing communism" are being replaced by rational discussion about detente, international understanding, and peaceful coexistence. Severe preventive measures have been recommended: the Rule of Law, arms control, disarmament, and development, among others. Although these measures are essential for a more livable world, they do not get at the root of the problem: the sovereign, selfish, amoral, power-oriented nation-state. As long as nations assume a "my country, right or wrong" attitude, they will continue to scramble for power and influence. We are rational beings with the ability to learn from our mistakes; and we have had ample time to examine our past follies. Now we must realize that there is no alternative to a safer, saner world. □

Eye on Chess No. 31

Leonid Stein's fatal heart attack on July 4 was more than Russia's loss. Three-time winner of the Soviet championship (1963, 1965, and 1966), Stein was rated twelfth among the players of the world. In 1971 he tied for first place with Anatoly Karpov in one of the strongest tournaments ever held—the Alekhine Memorial Tournament in Moscow. The competing field included the then world champion, Boris Spassky; three former world champions, Tal, Petrosian, and Smyslov; and perennial contenders Bronstein and Korchnoi. Other equally strong Grandmasters included Hort, Olafsson, and Robert Byrne.

Stein was, above all, a precision player whose forte was quiet positional play. His early objective was to obtain the Bishop pair, and he had no peers in this strategy.

Here are some examples of his success with these tactics:

Alekhine Memorial Tournament
Moscow, 1971—Catalan System

White: L. Stein		Black: L. Lengyel	
1. P–QB4	N–KB3	8. R–Q	P–QN3
2. P–KN3	P–K3	9. N–B3	B–N2
3. B–N2	P–Q4	10. P–N3	R–B
4. N–KB3	B–K2	11. P–K4	P–B4
5. O–O	O–O	12. KPxP	KPxP
6. P–Q4	QN–Q2	13. B–N2	Q–B2
7. Q–B2	P–B3		

Not 13. . . . QPxP because of 14. P–Q5, PxP; 15. PxP threatening P–Q6, fatal to the Bishop, and RxP.

14. NxP	NxN	17. BxB	NxP
15. PxN	BxP	18. Q–B5	KR–Q?
16. PxP	BxN	19. B–K5	Resigns

Bishop power with a vengeance!

Chess Olympiad, Havana, 1966
Ruy Lopez

White: L. Stein		Black: M. Blau	
1. P–K4	P–K4	8. QN–Q2	B–K2
2. N–KB3	N–QB3	9. PxP	PxP
3. B–N5	P–QR3	10. B–N3	O–O
4. B–R4	P–Q3	11. N–B4	B–KN5
5. O–O	B–Q2	12. N–K3!	QxQ
6. P–B3	KN–K2	13. RxQ!	
7. P–Q4	N–N3		

Although 13. BxQ preserves the K-side pawn structure, it defeats White's objective of exerting pressure on the Q-file.

13. . . .	BxN	19. KxN	QR–Q
14. PxB	N–R5	20. B–N5	RxR
15. N–Q5	NxPch	21. RxR	P–R3
16. K–N2	N–R5ch	22. B–K3	R–Q
17. K–R3	B–Q	23. RxRch	BxRch
18. NxP	BxN	24. K–N4	
24. . . .	K–B	31. K–B5	K–K2
25. B–Q5	B–B2	32. P–N5	PxP
26. P–KR4	K–K	33. RPxP	N–K3
27. P–R5	B–Q3	34. BxN	PxBch
28. P–N4	B–B2	35. K–N6	K–B
29. P–R4	N–Q	36. P–B5	Resigns
30. P–QB4	P–QN3		

The Black Bishop's lingering illness now becomes fatal; 36. . . . PxP; 37. BxPch, K–N; 38. B–R7; and then 39. P–N6, etc.

At Erevan in 1965, Stein tied for second place with Petrosian with Korchnoi first.

Pirc Defense

White: Stein		Black: Liebersohn	
1. P–K4	P–Q3	6. P–K5	KN–Q2
2. P–Q4	N–KB3	7. P–KR4	P–QB4
3. N–QB3	P–KN3	8. P–R5	PxQP
4. P–B4	B–N2	9. QxP	PxKP
5. N–B3	O–O	10. Q–B2!	

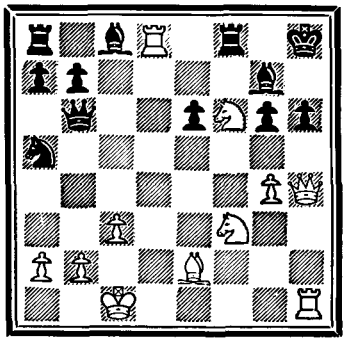
Stein had discovered this move some years before but had never used it.

10. . . .	P–K3	14. B–Q2	N–KB3
11. RPxP	BPxP	15. B–QB4	N–B3
12. Q–N3	PxP	16. O–O–O	Q–QB4
13. BxP	Q–R4	17. Q–R4	N–KR4

White threatens 18. N–K4! or N–N5.

18. N–K4!	Q–N3	22. BxN	RxB
19. P–B3	N–R4	23. R–Q8ch	R–B
20. B–K2	P–KR3	24. N–B6ch	K–R
21. P–KN4	N–KB5		

24. . . . BxN; 25. RxRch, KxR; 26. QxBch, followed by N–N5. If 24. . . . K–B2; 25. N–K5ch, K–K2; 26. N–N8 mate!



25. QxPch! Resigns

Mate follows; 25. . . . BxQ; 25. RxBch, K–N2; 27. R–R7ch, KxN; 28. RxR mate.

Yes, Leonid Stein's death is a loss to the entire chess world; we extend condolences to our Russian friends.

Fairfield W. Hoban

Editor's Note: We regret that the wrong diagrams were used with "Primer on Chess" numbers 17 and 18 (July 17 and July 31). The correct diagrams can be found on page 64.

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THEATER AS A MAGNIFYING GLASS TO LIFE

by Alan Schneider

Metropole Hotel, Moscow

What lingers most with the departing theater visitor here? Not just the sheer number and variety of plays seen—or unseen. Not the enchantment of theater interiors, settings, or performers; not everything is enchanting, onstage as well as off. Not even the humanity of one's reception in the midst of so much studied impersonality. What remains and will remain is the vision of a larger-than-life theater, a theatrical theater, enlarging and intensifying its images of reality.

"The theater is not a mirror," Stanislavski's ebullient contemporary Mayakovski once cautioned. "It is a magnifying glass!" And a good case could be made for the proposition that our own theater's present malaise is the result of narrow application in our search for theatrical truth. Stanislavski's countrymen seem to have understood his message—as well as Mayakovski's amendment—better than we.

In my three weeks on the Eastern front, I saw hardly a production that did not, in concept, design, and performance style, deal with reality by heightening it: from the rope wall that entangled Moscow's Hamlet in a cobweb of deceit to the New Orleans packing crates that formed the environment for *Streetcar* in Leningrad; from someone madly running in place to tell everyone that the inspector-general was coming to a scene being repeated "in close-up" after it had been acted out "in long shot" at the back of the stage.

"Here the Dawns Are Silent"—"*Dramatization of war, using only a few boards a*

ALMOST EVERY PLAY had its own visual or auditory "frame" in which characters were introduced, time established, and tone set. Stage directions were often spoken aloud, as were inner thoughts. Scenery moved. Characters not in a scene but emotionally involved remained in sight. Music came and went, as in a film, to heighten a mood, to punctuate a high point, to bridge transitions. And the lighting—even when equipment might seem primitive or makeshift—tended to be bold, imaginative, starkly theatrical.

Through all of this, of course, the actors played as "truthfully" as they could, but their performance was always orchestrated, its elements selected and carefully given shape. No actor played himself, nor was he the same twice. Sometimes it was even difficult to recognize an actor after a performance, and that difficulty had less to do with wigs or make-up than with rhythm and tonality.

The intention of almost every production was to express the essence rather than the surface of things. We were never in someone's real living room or in a real forest but, rather, in a theater presenting the *idea* of a living room or a forest. Strangely enough, that awareness made it possible for us to be more, not less, involved, as I was when a boy—who was not really there—stood gazing through his girl friend's door (not a "real" door but constructed of metal mesh) during her family quarrels. Or as I was when several girls with flashlight "anti-aircraft guns," aided by some realistic sound effects, "shot down" a revolving ceiling fan in the auditorium. The emotional effect in both cases was peculiarly theatrical and truly impressive.

Not so long ago, rumor had it that the best theater in Moscow was Leningrad's Gorki, whose company is headed by Georgi Tovstonogov, a beetle-browed but gentle Georgian who happens to be not only an Honored Artist and a Lenin Laureate but also a member of the Supreme Soviet as well. Although that particular rumor is no longer valid, the Gorki still dominates the Leningrad scene. The Tovstonogov production I saw there of *The Inspector-General*, Gogol's eternally relevant study of third-rate bureaucracy run rampant, was eminently first-rate, an animated cartoon sketch combining the best qualities of the Old Vic and the Marx Brothers. Another Georgian, O. V. Basilashvili—a combination of Danny Kaye and Peter Sellers—straight-faced and romped his way through the demanding title role. He would rank as a star in either London or New York; his fellow actors were no less sizable in their various skills. There was never a dull, or still, moment.

Although the rest of Leningrad's dramatic theaters are not considered the Gorki's artistic equal (this judgment applies neither to ballet nor opera), I saw several other productions that pleased me. The Leningrad Komsomol came up with a colorful and beautifully acted interpretation of a new (Volodin) play, *Don't Interfere With Loved Ones*, that

Alan Schneider is associate director of the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C. In October his production of Thornton Wilder's Our Town *will begin touring Moscow and Leningrad as part of the U.S.-USSR cultural-exchange program.*

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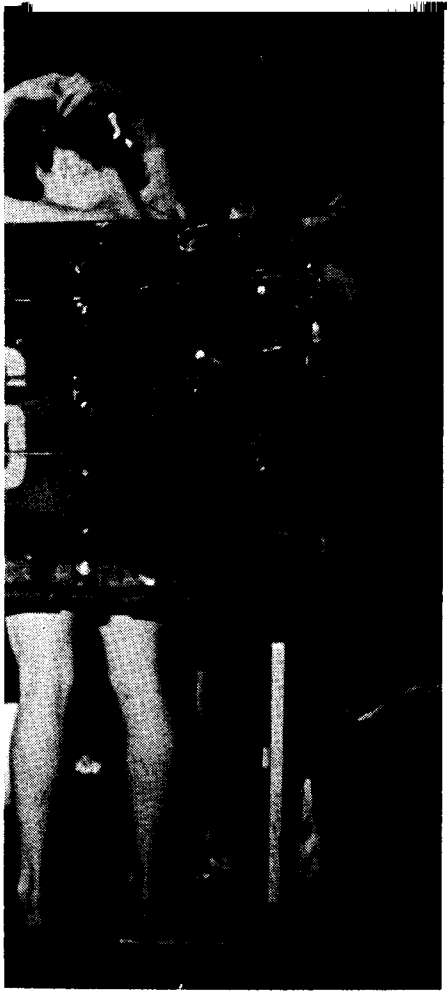

passions of the female cast."

made a carnival of the complex ironies of couples seeking the divorce court. The Kommissarjevskoi made a bejeweled masterpiece out of *Czar Fyodor Ivanich,* Aleksei Tolstoi's panorama of power and intrigue, which had once (1898) launched the Moscow Art (MHAT) on its authentic-realistic artistic path. In its current production style, Brechtian Shakespeare, it almost knocked me out of an aisle seat that the management had kindly provided at the last moment. And the Theater on the Liteny (its street name), which everyone told me to skip, did a surprisingly smoldering American *Streetcar.*

The Liteny likes American plays and does them regularly. Last year, I was told, they even performed a stage version of *Seven Days in May* while President Nixon was in Moscow, under the curiously apt title *Take Care, Mr. President,* hoping he might attend. No royalties were paid, of course; but then, of course, he didn't come.

As for Moscow theaters, again I paid out Gosskontsert, the official Soviet booking agency, time and money and took my choices, twenty-five of them, half the time at either the Sovremennik (Contemporary) or the Taganka. These two Off-Broadway-type houses, without question the capital's most creative and popular theaters, complement rather than compete with each other. The Sovremennik, an actor's theater, specializes in new works, though it does not neglect the classics; the Taganka, a director's dream, concentrates on adaptations of established poetry and prose, though it does not neglect new material.

The Sovremennik began in the mid-Fifties, when a closely knit group of acting students from the MHAT school got together with their director-teacher, a young actor named Oleg Yefremov. Their work so impressed the cultural commissars that the group was given a theater of its own, an honor fairly unheard of at the time. (Yefremov was younger than either Stanislavski or Meyerhold when they were given their first theaters.) A decade later, in 1964, the Taganka was similarly transplanted. This time the source was the Vakhtangov Theater School, which came up with a brilliantly unconventional senior-class production of *The Good Woman of Setzuan* (in Russian, *Good Person*) and an extremely talented, middle-aged director, Yuri Lyubimov.

As Yefremov's work—inner directed, psychological, beautifully choreographed—was post-Stanislavski in its realistic basis and ensemble work, so Lyubimov's productions—outer-directed, visual, metaphorical, and beautifully animated—were post-Meyerhold in their emphasis on spectacle. Two years ago Yefremov was "offered" the job of pulling a disintegrating MHAT out of its artistic lower depths. Leaving the Sovremennik, not without strong tugs of conscience, he tried to take his most talented players and closest friends with him. Most of them refused, choosing to stay where they were. Lyubimov, on the other hand, has continued to work with many of his original group, to grow, and despite constant attack from one official quarter or another, to survive. What bothers the powers that be is his "formalism" and his rigorous non-conformism; he even refuses to take any subsidy. And he has a strong predilection for dealing with dramatic themes relating to the conflict of the individual and authority, whether the individual happens to be Galileo, Pushkin, or young Hamlet.

That original collective of the Sovremennik, no longer young but still youthful in outlook, now leavened with newer talents, has successfully surmounted the trauma of losing its father figure. Under the combined leadership of actor Oleg Tabakov, a longtime favorite of Soviet stage and screen audiences (because, as he told me, he has "the face of a cosmonaut"), and director-actress Galina Volchok, who is now its "chief régisseur," the Sovremennik attracts the best young writers and elicits the enthusiasm of sophisticated theatergoers.

The Sovremennik's *Ascent of Fujiyama,* written by two non-Russian Soviet playwrights, is the most absorbing new work in recent seasons and has generated volumes of controversy among the press and the public. A play dealing frankly with the question of personal guilt during the Stalinist period, it arouses powerful personal memories, attracting a special audience that sits absolutely mesmerized through the uninterrupted three-hour performance. In order to have the strongest possible effect, it has been staged "in the round," a technique unfamiliar to today's Soviet audiences (although their own Okhlopkov pioneered in that medium back in the Thirties—for our Texas Margo Jones to see).

The ensemble acting in *Fujiyama* would be superb in any staging, as would that in *Valentin* (by the young playwright Roschin). This is an imaginatively mounted—with bedsprings and street lamps instead of tables and walls—and vibrantly moving character study of young lovers frustrated by the logistics and morality of Soviet family existence; it was the finest I observed. I also saw the Sovremennik's *Lower Depths,* a far cry from the MHAT's brand of detailed naturalism but equally vivid and excellently performed.

The Sovremennik seems to have a strong affinity for American material. In past seasons, it has had great success with Gibson's *Two for the Seesaw,* as well as with Arthur Miller and, I believe, Lillian Hellman. Albee's adaptation of *The Ballad of the Sad Café* is presently being played, although, apart from Volchok's sensitive portrayal of Miss Amelia, I did not find it up to the group's usual level of work; it seemed more "a Western" than Southern. But they did manage a faithful attempt at David Rabe's *Sticks and Bones,* its title changed to the more understandable *As Brother to Brother.*

This production has brought forth charges of distortion and anti-Americanism from its author—although he has not, as everyone carefully pointed out to me, seen it. While the Sovremennik's version did not entirely succeed in solving the play's inconsistencies of tone—are those parents "real" or caricatures?—it never stressed them. Nor did it alter Rabe's basic message. As an American, I felt embarrassed by a play dealing not only with the Vietnam horror but also with a pair of parents capable of killing their own war-blinded son, but I did not feel that the production was unsympathetic or that it distorted the material. Igor Kvasha, the actor who played the returning veteran, may indeed—as Rabe complained—have been close to forty; but his performance was as perceptive,

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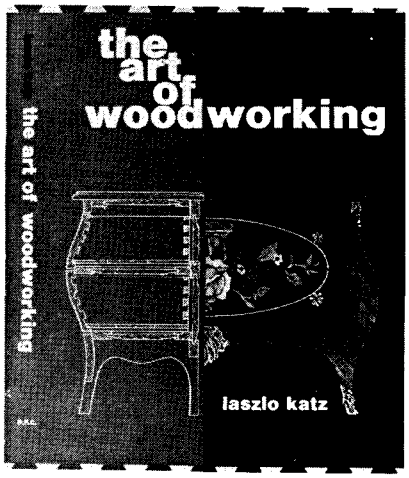

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honest, apt, and effective as those of any American counterparts I have seen.

Most of the time the Sovremennik is first-class. The Taganka is always unique. And its director, Lyubimov—"Yuri Petrovich," as everyone calls him—ranks with the top theater artists in the world. He is the stage equivalent of Fellini or Bergman, and the impact of his work on his largely youthful audiences is little short of thunderous. Lyubimov is a theatricalist, pure and simple. His company of forty-five actors—many of whom are surprisingly long-haired and bearded, and all of whom seem to be able to sing, recite, move, and play various musical instruments for far longer hours than Actors Equity would allow—tends to be lost without him. He makes use of their talents in his own special way, blending them with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of technical and scenic ideas, helped along by a houseful of assistants.

"We strive for a *synthesis* of effects," Lyubimov once explained to a friendly reporter. "Music, movement, rhythm, lighting; the wit of Chaplin, the *plastique* of Marceau—we try to use everything and anything that will most appropriately reach the sight and sound of audiences tired of things said in the standard one-level way." He reaches the young people of Moscow with their language, their immediate idiom, their rhythms; his language is what might be termed "pop theater music."

A VISIT TO THE Taganka is like going to a carnival or to the circus; it starts before the play is on and continues afterward in the lobby. Each production is as elemental as it is striking. And each time (now a dozen for me), Lyubimov is surprising as he extends the frontiers of theatrical transformation.

Generally he starts with a bare stage and fills it with his—and the audience's—swirling imagination. In his now almost classical adaptation of *Ten Days That Shook the World* (subtitled *A Popular Performance, With Mime, Circus Clowning, and Shooting*), he greets you at the theater doors with guns and leaflets. Then spotlights blind you between battles; follow-spots cascade over the crowd scenes; projections alight all locations and surfaces; kaleidoscopic juxtapositions of sound and image sway forth. But you remember, among 100 other sequences, the image of blood-red fingers flickering into flames and the peace conference where only the silent but expressive hands of the delegates are in view.

For Gorki's *Mother*, Lyubimov creates an entire factory with a few lowered light pipes and some actors grouped into moving assembly lines. The duel between Hamlet and Laertes is as tense and compelling as any I've seen; yet the actors strike only their own blades, never touching each other's. A fluttering of hundreds of crisp, white envelopes beckons you to share in the fate of Russia's great poet Pushkin. The poet plays out his tug-of-wits with the Czar amid a setting composed of two hanging, wheelless carriages, which become in turn a palace, a train, a library, and a gallows. When Pushkin dies, a single candle is snuffed out, and you feel the pain.

"The intention of almost every production was to express the essence rather than the surface of things. . . . The emotional effect was peculiarly theatrical."

In *Under the Skin of the Statue of Liberty*, a collage of Yevtushenko's poems on violence and protest in America, magnetized photographs of our assassinated leaders clang against a solid metal wall and are the sound and echo of the shots themselves. In *Rush Hour*, a new Czech play about how we all rush through the time of our lives, a huge pendulum, hanging center stage and able to swing in all directions, becomes both symbol and setting.

But it is with *Here the Dawns Are Silent*, the dramatization of a war novel about a squad of young girls, giggling recruits who eventually die as veterans in a front-line battle with Nazi paratroopers, that Lyubimov's stagecraft becomes genuinely overwhelming. He uses only a few boards and the passions of his female cast in his creation. The boards appear successively as the back of a truck carrying the girls off to war, the girls' barracks walls, their shower curtain, the logs on which they successfully, but with great difficulty, ford a stream, and the trees framing their final battle. The last scene, in which the girls and their Nazi opponents alternate in quick appearances and disappearances, concludes with a waltz, the boards and the now-dead young women turning and turning and turning until only the empty boards remain. It is an anguishing tour de force that brings its audience to tears.

The words a Russian critic wrote almost a half-century ago about Meyerhold exactly suit Lyubimov's work today: "In exaggerated symbolic images, unexpectedly poetic *mises en scènes*, tense and satiated rhythms, and a dynamic approach, he creates his theatrical images." In bold, black ink high on the walls of the director's private office, where visiting theater greats of all nations have inscribed their appreciation,

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a more contemporary critic has said the same thing differently: "All the arts of the theater are here." Compared with the work of this man and this theater, the work of our own searchers of the avant-garde seem to be just doodlings.

Of the other Moscow directors, it is too early yet to tell what Yefremov will be able to achieve at the MHAT, though doubts are already forming on all sides. Will he be able to inject into that monolithic mausoleum (an acting company of 250, equivalent staff, scores of productions waiting in the wings, two theaters—in one of which the Arena will be playing this fall—and an ultra-modern third about to be unveiled) any of the vigor and contemporaneity of his Sovremennik style? Both the state and the state of geriatrics are on his side. Last year alone, he told me, a half-dozen of the best "old greats" had died, including Tarassova, who was second only to Chekhov's wife in the pantheon. (Her dressing room, complete with her last costumes and make-up, will be retained forever as a shrine.)

The sheer weight of the operation, all those years of tradition, make his task seem formidable. I watched an act of Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, congealed in the repertory since 1908, and saw how hallowed that tradition was. Then I attended two of Yefremov's current productions, an old-fashioned melodrama about the human qualities of steelworkers and a new but overly obvious piece criticizing the corruption of old-time values under new-found affluence. His task is formidable indeed.

Nor did any of the other traditional theaters—the Vakhtangov, the Mossoviet, the Mayakovski—interesting or absorbing as their work sometimes was, succeed in challenging the eminence of "my" Sovremennik or Taganka (though I might have felt otherwise had I happened on any one of them on a different evening). Impressions of the theater in the Soviet Union are very much like those blind men's impressions of the elephant they were touching—a matter of chance. All of the productions are at least impressive and loaded with talented players—although mostly of the older generation. They tend to be middle-aged in their general style but sometimes try to be very modern, and occasionally succeed, as in the reworking of *Crime and Punishment* (as *Petersburg Dreams*) by the Mossoviet's Yuri Zavadski, dean of Soviet directors. And I did feel that the Theater of Satire, where I saw another and dustier version of *The Inspector-General* and a perky little operetta about building a factory, was at least trying to do what the Taganka did without trying.

The Moscow Dramatic Theater, familiarly called the Malaya Bronaya (its location), has a growing reputation and, as one of its directors boasts, a talented, youngish (almost fifty) maverick, Anatoli Efros, whom many theater people consider their most original directorial talent. I saw three samples of his work—including a last dress rehearsal of his highly praised new version of Molière's *Don Juan*, elegantly designed and acted with bravura (by an ex-Sovremennik actor)—and though I admired a great deal of what I caught, I cannot yet share in this opinion, certainly not with Lyubimov still furiously active. Efros needs to have his own theater, though that prospect seems highly distant because he is too mercurial and too Jewish.

THE FIRST TIME I arrived in Moscow back in 1969, I chanced upon one of those revealing stories that seem to spring up from the very pavements of the Socialist bloc. It has to do with the difference between comedy, tragedy, and Socialist realism—once the dominant form of all Soviet playwriting. If a fellow has a girl, the formula goes, and no place to take that girl, that's comedy. If a fellow has a place but doesn't have a girl, that's tragedy. And if a fellow has a girl and a place but that evening they both have to go to a Communist party meeting, that's Socialist realism.

Over lunch one noon, at the very place where Stanislavski and his friend Nemirovich-Danchenko held their celebrated eighteen-hour conversation, which eventually resulted in the founding of the original MHAT, I repeated that joke in bad Russian to my luncheon companions. They laughed dutifully and went on relishing the caviar not easily obtainable elsewhere. A few bites later, one of the young directors at the other end of the table asked for equal time, which I was only happy to afford him. "Yes," he said, "and if a fellow has a girl and has a place to take the girl but no time that evening because he's too busy doing something else, that's an American tragedy."

I've thought about that one many times in those three weeks that passed like one. And I can't wait to return to the Soviet Union in October. Not only do I want to show them, I hope, what we Americans are capable of doing in the theater but I would also like to catch a few more of those larger-than-life productions that capitalist realism doesn't seem to be offering us these days. □

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Dance

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE AND THE BOLSHOI

by Walter Terry

The world has many languages, and every major language has its dialects. The world of dance also speaks in many tongues, and again, each boasts the richness of dialect. In India dancers move in the ancient, presumably gods-given classicism of *bharata natyam;* in the dramatic bravado of *kathakali*; with the Moslem-hued sensuousness of *kathak*; or with the flowing, romantic shimmer of *Manipuri*—and in other dialects, too. For the Westerner, ballet is a language with many styles and accents. And of all the world's major ballet companies, American Ballet Theatre is best equipped to speak with movement eloquence in the broadest range of ballet dialects.

This year, in its annual six-week season at the New York State Theater, ABT displayed its dialectal versatility in ballets of the romantic age, such as *Giselle*, with its Russo-French accents, and *La Sylphide*, Danish in step and *port-de-bras*; in ballets of the classical age, such as the Petipa-Ivanov *Swan Lake* in its entirety and bravura *pas de deux*; in the psychologically motivated ballets of Antony Tudor; in Fokine masterpieces, with a style all their own; in Americana ballets, classical forms with cowboy twangs or jazz lingo; and finally, in a totally different dance language, the modern dance of the late José Limón's *The Moor's Pavane*.

The international dancers of American Ballet Theatre are masters of many ballet dialects. This past season, one could savor the delightful accents of two of the greatest Italian dancers, Carla Fracci and Paolo Bortoluzzi, in *La Sylphide*, the 1836 Danish adaptation by August Bournonville of the original French *La Sylphide*, which ushered in the romantic age of ballet in Paris in 1832. Perhaps the two Italian stars, whose artistic forebears invented ballet about the time Columbus set sail for America, did not quite capture the Bournonville style, with its open arms, its special springboard buoyancy, and its insistence that turns, on ground or in air, be done to right and to left without favoritism for one side or the other. But they most certainly caught the very essence of romantic ballet itself: rapturous but refined, warm but not quite human, loving but elusive.

Miss Fracci brought another kind of romanticism to Tudor's one-act synthesis of *Romeo and Juliet*, set to the music of Delius and with scenery and costumes by Eugene Berman. Here, Miss Fracci and the Hungarian Ivan Nagy were perfect in their non-virtuosic, almost underplayed characterizations of the famous lovers. Every gesture, of hand or foot or turn of the head, was a model both of exactitude and elegance. Here, indeed, was the poetry of Shakespeare, English poetry about Italian passion.

The academic basis of ballet, the schooling, the language of movement, the terminology (French), are the same in every ballet classroom of the world, but the accents of a specific culture, the genius of a variety of choreographers, historical eras, and even race memories—older than ballet but as old as dancing itself—create regional variety in an esthetic discipline.

Cynthia Gregory and Jonas Kage in "Tales of Hoffmann"—*"The characters were cardboard, but much of the dancing was inventive."*

Martha Swope

IN ROMANTIC BALLET, the ballerina rises *sur les pointes* as a symbol of that era's view of woman as a creature to be cherished and worshiped. Indeed, the toe shoe becomes the woman's personal pedestal. In the old Russian Imperial Ballet, she elevated herself onto *pointe* in order to dazzle the onlooker (and her stage hero) with her skill and with her regal position as a queen or a princess. In this century's Tudor ballets, the toe shoe is more than a lovely extension of a long and beautiful limb; for, motivated by inner turmoils, the ballerina rises to *pointe* to escape from reality or to express a new plane of ecstasy. In classical ballet the man executes his *pirouettes* and *tours en l'air* in order to excite the onlooker with his virtuoso elegance. When he completes his spins in *Billy the Kid*, he draws an imaginary pistol from his holster to characterize the bravado of an American gunman of the old West.

ABT's July-into-August season included an unequaled exposition of ballet treasures representing a multiplicity of ballet expressions. I especially liked the all-Tudor program, with its glowing *Romeo and Juliet;* the intensely dramatic *Pillar of Fire*, filled with desire, rejection, a defiant sexual experience, and final emotional fulfillment, danced by that superb actress Sallie Wilson and a splendid cast of actor-dancers; and a stirring revival of *Undertow*, with its allegorical telling of childbirth, the withdrawal of affection, loneliness, sexual curiosity, temptation, and murder.

Drama of a far less substantial sort was the base for Peter Darrell's full-

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length dance version of Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*. The production, with scenery and costumes by Peter Docherty, was lavish; but the characters, including Hoffmann himself, were all cardboard, and one did not really care what happened to them. But if the drama was flat, much of the dancing was deliciously inventive, ranging from an exuberant *pas de trois* for three athletic males in the prologue to the tour de force performance by the ballerina in four different roles! I saw Cynthia Gregory, America's foremost younger ballerina and an artist of versatility as well as incredible virtuosity, dance it. As a vehicle for her, *Hoffmann* can be considered a success. And as an addition to ABT's repertory, it served as new proof that this superb company, which speaks in several dance tongues and in an untold number of ballet dialects, is truly the Berlitz of ballet.

Maris Liepa—*"The most versatile of all male dancers in the Soviet Union."*

WHILE ABT WAS performing at the State Theater, across the plaza at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sol Hurok was presenting the Bolshoi Ballet (or what purported to be the Bolshoi Ballet) and, for the first time in America, the enormously gifted and magnificently schooled students of Moscow's Bolshoi Dance Academy. The adult group included only a handful of Bolshoi stars—Plisetskaya, Maximova, Bessmertnova, Kondratieva, Vasiliev, Lavrovsky, and other luminaries were conspicuously absent—but the veteran Struchkova, the polished Fadeyechev, the showy team of Sorokina and Vladimirov, the teen-age Moscow ballet competition winners (Nadezhda Pavlova —what a name!—and Vyacheslav Gordeyev), blessed with amazing movement skills, and that most versatile of all Russian male dancers, Maris Liepa, were on hand to give some distinction to mishmash programs of excerpts, extracts, and short show pieces.

The academy kids were a joy. There were beginners, intermediates, and advanced students, ranging in age from about eight to the mid-teens, and they danced a newly staged version of a ballet technique class, a suavely performed excerpt from *Paquita* (Petipa), and dances that were of folk, character, or *demi-caractère* persuasions. I loved them in everything, and it was fun to see if one could single out the potential stars of tomorrow. I spotted two very little girls, two little boys, and four teenagers (two of each sex) who seemed rather special already.

Twenty of these youngsters are pupils of Liepa at the 200-year-old Bolshoi Dance Academy. Liepa is more than a successful instructor of Bolshoi students and a star of the senior Bolshoi. The tall, blond, athletic dancer from Riga is tireless, curious, adventuresome in his personal quest to give his homeland, the Soviet Union, an awareness of many dance tongues and an array of ballet dialects that Soviet dancers have either forgotten or have never known.

As a dancer, his versatility is astounding. He has mastered leading roles in such traditional Russian masterpieces as *Swan Lake, The Sleeping Beauty, Don Quixote,* the Petipa adaptation of the old French *Giselle, Le Corsaire, Esmeralda,* and the newer *Romeo and Juliet* and *Cinderella.* As a *demi-caractère* expert (and he is often regarded as just that kind of a dancer) and as an actor-dancer, he has danced the role of the devil in Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du soldat* and the gladiator hero in *Spartacus,* and the title part in the ballet of *Hamlet.* The masterpieces of Russia's own Michel Fokine were barely known in the Soviet Union, with the exception of *Chopiniana* (*Les Sylphides* in the West), because the innovative young Fokine, rejected by the directors of the Imperial Theater, took his rebellious art to Paris with Diaghilev, the Russian impresario, in 1909. Liepa, almost a half-century later, visited the Western ballet center to study Fokine ballets and that rare Fokine style. He observed, he sought coaching under Fokine experts, he listened to their reminiscences—"Your head is held this way. . . . The hand falls to the side like this. . . . Here there should be a pause" —of the most celebrated interpreter of Fokine ballets, the aged Tamara Karsavina.

Liepa returned home with a definitive re-creation of Fokine's *Le Spectre de la rose* in which he, a highly muscular athlete, danced the light, elusive, shadows-in-the-moonlight rose spirit in the true accents and phrasings of Fokine.

But the restless, questing Liepa does not stop even there. He has performed on television and in movies, in roles ranging from an eleventh-century Russian warrior-king in *The Lion's Grave* (in which he acts but does not dance) to an American dancer-choreographer caught in Spain during World War II, in a movie called *Number 4,* for which he choreographed and danced in a five-minute ballet-rehearsal sequence.

LIEPA ENJOYS choreographing short pieces—"As long as I am a dancer, I cannot take the time to create long ballets"—and staging scenes and productions from both dramas and pantomimes (he likes working with mimes especially). The forty-three-year-old Liepa has reintroduced to Moscow audiences a type of presentation that has not been seen for nearly a quarter-century, when the vivacious Olga Lepeschinskaya last appeared in her own dance recitals in the Soviet capital.

Recently, Liepa has twice filled to standing-room status the new State Concert Hall, which seats 2500. His program has offered a wide variety of solos and *pas de deux,* and he is occasionally assisted by his advanced pupils. His innovations include the use of an actor's speaking the pertinent lines from Shakespeare before the presentation of every *pas de deux* in Lavrovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*—from the meeting to the death—and a reading of a poetic reverie that Liepa wrote himself as a prologue to Fokine's *Spectre.*

He dances, he choreographs, he acts, he directs, he writes, he teaches, he studies, and he even finds time to be a sculptor. He speaks English fluently—"I had no formal instruction," he says. "I just listened, looked, and learned"—and frequently tosses off phrases in French and Italian. The Soviet Union's Maris Liepa has quite obviously dedicated his life to the pursuit of articulation and eloquence, not only in terms of the spoken word in many tongues but in the movement languages of the theater of dance itself. □

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Glenda Jackson in the Title Role of "Elizabeth R"—*"The Masterpiece Theatre production relies heavily on a surefire bag of theatrical tricks."*

INTRIGUE AND THE WRINGING OF HANDS

by Stephen Koch

Addicts will recall the success a few years ago of "The Forsyte Saga," a by-no-means-transcendent serial from the BBC that initiated the PBS program "Masterpiece Theatre." Its success left the American television industry in amazement, and one is told that it even inspired a movement for more "quality" programming, though we wait in vain for the results of that movement. The doyens of the industry were baffled by the Britishers' braininess; after all, television has become unspeakably rich and powerful on the conviction that it is impossible to underestimate the stupidity of the American public. Then came "The First Churchills" (which I loved, though it apparently didn't break any records), followed by the composite Tudor saga "The Six Wives of Henry VIII" and "Elizabeth R," which, taken together, must be accounted, I supposed, the high-class soap opera of all time.

But perhaps we should not altogether despise soap opera. It is the one really original narrative form thus far contributed to art by broadcasting, and one fine day it may even produce its masterpieces. Now, the secrets of soap opera are these: It must be about family life (threatened family life, motivated especially by sex, money, power, and challenged loyalty), and it must be endless. Ordinarily, narrative structure anticipates its own end; for the artist, knowing where to end (on the kiss, the climax, the killing, the revenge) is everything. The opposite is true of soap opera. It must be interminable and terminate in more or less the same way life is and does. Theoretically, a soap can end only with the end of its protagonists' lives. In soap opera people do not come to conclusions. They react; visually, soap opera is the great art form of the reaction shot. And merely reacting, rather than concluding, the characters live their lives chewed up by time. A soap opera is not a narrative form defined by the beginning, middle, and end of an action or an event. On the contrary, its basic unit of imagined time is the span of the generations.

Obviously it is a form ideally suited to broadcasting, with daily or weekly episodes continuing across a season or across the years (and years and years). It is also ideal for the kind of historical work seen in the Henry and Elizabeth series. Yet, despite the tremors of shock felt through the American television industry over the lofty intellectualism of "Masterpiece Theatre," let us concede that, on examination, the programs are not all that impenetrable and superb in their embodiment of Mind. True, they are about a historical (therefore "boring") subject; they are meticulously researched and literate; they represent quite accurate accounts of the great Tudors' lives; they are performed and produced on a very high level of competence and professionalism. The fact is that despite their glossy, mid-cult patina, the Elizabeth and Henry series are soap operas that work, theatrically, on a very low-down, gut level, and the competence of the production relies heavily on an entirely unexperimental, or at least unadventurous, surefire bag of theatrical tricks. What works? Blood and guts work. Tirades, magnificent costumes, life and death work. We see the Royal Henry aging and fattening before our eyes, and that works; so does sex, intrigue, wringing of hands, Lady Rochford's terrible screams after the chamberlain addresses the Queen: "Madame, I am commanded by His Majesty the King to arrest you and convey you to the Tower." Headsmen's axes work, as do spies lurking in door-

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ways, Henry's regal eyebrow arching when the luscious Katherine Howard is ushered before him for the first time, and Elizabeth's superb rage: *"Eeeeeenough! God's death!"*

GLENDA JACKSON and Keith Mitchell are consummate performers; the supporting cast could not have been better. But we are not discussing here anything remotely like major art. Once in a while some episode picks up an echo or irony or richness capable of making it sing a more interesting tune. Ian Thorne's script for the Jane Seymour episode, for example, is hardly great work. But at least the struggle between Jane's immovable delicacy and Henry's real love for her, his hysterical "conscience," and his brutal power is endowed with some of the Real Thing's requisite mystery—as in the touching, spooky use of Jane's strange (apparently authentic) joke about the criminal who convinced Louis of France to postpone his execution by promising to teach the king's horse to talk: "For in a year's time, Louis may die. Or I may die. Or the horse may die. Or the horse may talk."

Yet by and large, the whole trick consists of keeping the hands wringing and the intrigues closing in. This is theater raw. Its drama is a little low but enthralling. It's fun; I like to watch it. And there will be more of it to watch. Along with work like "Tom Brown's School Days" and even the oddly interesting and revealing "Golden Bowl," it has already instituted some minor stylistic changes in American production. ABC, for example, has started a project to make an analogously "high quality" soap opera from Joseph Lash's *Eleanor and Franklin*. No sooner is the idea spoken—with its conjunction of sex, power, and family life in the span of two lifetimes—than it seems inevitable.

ALL THIS HAS been accompanied by some stylistic oddities and inventions. Television production has lately been acquiring a much more theatrical look and, at the same time, by an odd paradox, a look of much greater realism. The crucial element in this change is videotape. Current fashion has videotape replacing film as a dramatic medium—as it has in "All in the Family" and "Maude," both of which are performed straight through and videotaped before a live audience. Film and videotape are not only used differently, capable of doing different things, but they *look* different. Most episodic series ("Ironside"; "The Courtship of Eddie's Father"; Marcus Welby, M.D."; etc.) are shot on film. They have film's sharp definition of line and detail; they are not put together on the spot but assembled in an editing room. Thus their editing style includes easy, frequent use of such things as extreme close-ups (Ironside's hands unfolding a note) and, above all, greater visual speed and variety, effortlessly flashing from location to location, continent to continent, if necessary. Editing videotape in this manner is far more difficult and expensive: Instead of the interminable, highly detailed multiple takes of film shooting, the action is set up very much like that of a stage production (except that blocking is for the cameras rather than the proscenium or audience) and is run through. If there is an audience, it must peer through the lights, the boom apparatus, and the soft-footed crowd of technicians, with their headsets and catlike cameras silently running in on the brilliantly made-up action beyond.

In place of film's "photographic" look of precision, videotape has a less highly resolved luminosity, a kind of glow from within the tube. It is instantly recognizable—once you know what you are looking for. Compare the photographic look with the videotaped look of Carson, Cavett, Parr, most public affairs—like Watergate—most sports, and, finally, most soap operas. Or compare the look of any movie with "All in the Family."

THE PARADOX of this technical difference is that videotape, even though used in a way that is more theatrical than filmic, tends to look "live" and therefore more "real." Since most videotaped material has a "live" look, the look of videotape has become, in effect, a new technological convention for the real—as the old-fashioned proscenium stage used to be. It is quite a turnabout: This filmic century has challenged and all but demolished every known convention of stage realism, one by one. The theater has had to survive the challenge of film by ever greater abstraction and stylization. Now, suddenly, a very old-fashioned "theatery" look (if I may so violate the language) has—sometimes—a more "real" look than film. "All in the Family" is praised for its realism. Yet its central characters are always greeted with loud applause when they make their first entrances at the door and pause, with fixed expressions, to let it pass.

I have no conclusions to draw about this. Conclusions are for the artists in the medium to draw as they make their work. Well, let me tell you an anecdote, an anecdote (not a theory) about perceptions. It seems safe to say that for an entire generation of English and Americans, Henry VIII and his great daughter *are* Keith Mitchell and Glenda Jackson—have their faces, voices, eyes. Whatever else, the series—shot exclusively in videotape, except for outdoor sequences—was completely absorbing in that addictive television way; the technique managed to effect (assisted, let us not fail to add, by the other merits of the production) a complete suspension of disbelief. It was all credible; it worked: Whitehall was real; the Virgin Queen did indeed stand there before us. I recently had occasion to see a couple episodes of the series, transposed into film, run off on the large screen. It was all there, all exactly the same—except it looked perfectly unreal. Whitehall was a jerry-built collection of painted sets: I almost expected a flat to come falling down if the enraged Henry slammed a door too hard. And that cumbersome videotape editing made it look like a movie from 1912. There the characters stood, talking to each other. And talking. And talking. When somebody would sweep in or out of a room, one hardly cared. Everything that had seemed so real was revealed by film to be cardboard and staples.

A few nights later, one of the episodes was back on the tube. I snapped it on. And there was Privy Councilor Cecil, worry and strategy crawling all over his face, hurrying down the corridors. There was the guard with his battle-axe. Doors opened into the Presence Chamber. And there, a few feet from the throne, a cunning smile on her lips, stood Elizabeth of England. □

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Light Refractions

It's Still Mizzling

For months now, ever since the *Light Refractions* that dealt with *misling*, which grew out of a friend's misreading of *misled*, I've received a steady flow of letters telling me about people's favorite instances of mispronunciation.

A few who must have missed the first *misle* column have written to tell me that *misle* should rhyme with *isle* and *lisle*. D. Yuzon, of San Francisco, wrote a poem to illustrate his point:

A crooked cabdriver, Carlisle,
Took tourists around on his isle.
Whenever it drizzled,
He usually sizzled.
He couldn't the innocents misle.

Those of you in the East may well grizzle
It is wrong to pronounce it as mizzle
It is obvious that misle
Rhymes with aisle and lisle
Your discourse on the matter's pure fizzle.

I often write in my head while I'm riding my bicycle, and I find bike-riding particularly conducive to the writing of limericks and song lyrics. I think that's probably a very personal quirk. Anyway, by a not very odd coincidence, I had written something similar in a sort of obverse way to Mr. Yuzon's two limericks while riding my bike:

As the couple came back up the aisle,
The groom wore a radiant smisle,
And a churchful of guys
Heaved a chorus of suys
Of relief that was heard for a misle.

Mrs. Alfred P. Otto asks, "Do you suppose that Gloria Steinem is out to MSle you men?" Arthur M. Cory, a professor of English at the University of Texas at Austin, wrote to say that *mizzle* means "to rain in fine drops" and that an earlier form was *misle*. Furthermore, Professor Cory tells of a colleague of his "who got on the elevator one rainy day, saw that I was wearing a slicker, and said, 'You're smarter than I; you brought a raincoat today.' I replied that I had a raincoat at home but that I also keep one in my office. His comment: 'No fair; you're playing both ends against the mizzle.'"

I looked up *mizzle* in my Oxford English Dictionary. Not only do *mizzle* and the old *misle* mean "to rain in fine drops" but they used to mean "to confuse, muddle; to make tipsy; also, to mystify (a person); to give (one) wrong information." So *misling* has a certain legitimacy.

Henry Porter, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington* (1599), wrote, "What though he be mump, misled, blind? 'Tis no consequent to me." I looked up *mump*; it means—or used to mean—drunk, and I assume *misled* and *blind* did, too, as Porter used them. Now we know that in the sixteenth century, *misled* was pronounced *mizzled* and meant *sozzled*.

Straphanger took a funny bounce for A. Peter Hollis, who now lives in Wilson, North Carolina. He says:

> *Straphanger* mizzled me on the New York City subways, where the word was used to promote courtesy amongst passengers. My own definition is:
>
> *straph-anger*: *n.* A common, occasionally fatal disease of modern origin caused by *straphylococcus proximiti* and characterized by violent twitching of the body and umbrella, often followed by hysteria, coupled with furious and extreme attacks on nearby persons. Because of the incoherent babbling of its victims, straphanger is vulgarly called "Geddinowpleez Disease."

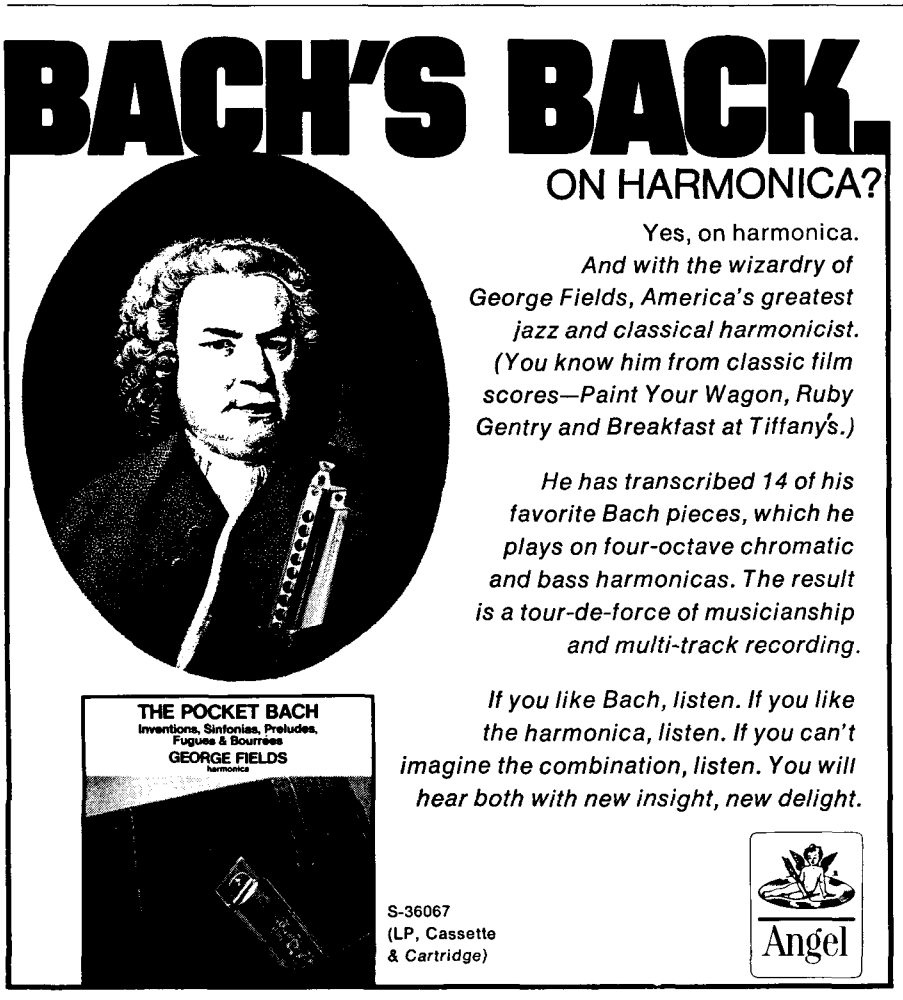
I can speak with some authority on the straphangers since I am, myself, a victim of the disease and have had to undergo several years of painful deurbanization.

Carole Grayson, who says she's a Princeton man, not a coed, though she's definitely a Ms., tells me she's had trouble with *facetious*. "To me it was pronounced like the word I assumed it had its roots in: *fa-cet-e-us*, having, of course, to do with facets. The word meaning "humorous" I always spelled *phoecetious*. And somewhere, way in the back of my mind, it was derived from *Phoenician* (though the consonants got a little kastroodled)."

Mrs. Hyman Lieber, who spoke German as a child, says she naturally pronounced *albeit* as *all-bite*. She says she'd still rather pronounce it that way. For my own taste, given a choice of *al-be-it* and *all-bite*, I'll say *though*.

The word most often mentioned in the Mispronunciation Derby (after *misled*, of course) is *bedraggled*. In one mail delivery alone, I got four letters telling me about *bed-raggled*. Interesting word. It sounds like a description of the girls coming down to breakfast in Polly Adler's house. THOMAS H. MIDDLETON

Answer to Wit Twister No. 3, *page 6*. spate, peats, tapes, paste, pates.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Double-Gram No. 31

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 I	2 H	3 W		4 B	5 F	6 Z²	7 J	8 P		9 P	10 V	11 L	12 C	13 D	14 S	15 M								
16 N	17 Z²		18 Q	19 B	20 O	21 Z¹	22 F	23 T	24 S	25 R	26 P		27 W	28 Z²		29 U	30 O							
31 Z²	32 B	33 D	34 J	35 S	36 F		37 K	38 Z²	39 L	40 R	41 E	42 H	43 T	44 C		45 Z²	46 G							
	47 J	48 Z²	49 M		50 O	51 D	52 W		53 H	54 X	55 V	56 B	57 O	58 Z²		59 Z	60 A							
61 J	62 Q	63 W		64 Z¹	65 A		66 K	67 R	68 J	69 B	70 X		71 G	72 S	73 D	74 O	75 Y							
76 Q	77 H	–	78 A	79 T	80 M	–	81 Z	82 C	83 N	–	84 P	85 V	86 Z²	87 K	88 Z¹		89 O							
90 X	91 G		92 H	93 T	94 X	95 U		96 Z¹		97 E	98 Z	99 L		100 U	101 S	102 V	103 B							
	104 Y	105 D		106 I	107 O	108 V	109 S	110 K	111 L	112 U	113 Z¹	114 Q		115 E	116 N		117 A							
118 B	119 Z		120 T	121 D	122 Z²	123 G		124 K	125 A	126 Y	127 I	128 M	129 C		130 G	131 L	132 W							
133 Z²	134 U	135 O	136 S	137 T	138 Z		139 B	140 N		141 V	142 D	143 Z²	144 E	145 U	146 Z	147 K	148 T							
149 A		150 C	151 L	152 U	153 Z	154 Y	155 D	156 N	157 V	158 S		159 I	160 H	161 G	162 Z²		163 X							
164 K	165 W	166 V		167 L	168 W		169 C	170 T	171 G		172 N	173 T	174 H	175 P		176 K	177 X							
	178 X	179 M	180 E	181 L		182 Z	183 A		184 K	185 X		186 H	187 Z	188 I		189 T	190 D							
191 U	192 L	193 C	194 Z²	195 G		196 Z	197 J		198 A	199 R	200 Z		201 S	202 V	203 W	204 F								
205 M	206 A	207 X	208 J		209 O	210 Z	211 U	212 R	213 X		214 V	215 B	216 I											

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate what WORD a particular square's letter comes from.

The diagram, when filled in, will read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Interval of two octaves	65 60 78 117 125 149 183 198 206
B. Indeterminate, having no pattern or structure	215 4 19 32 103 118 139 56 69
C. Very "uncool" (2 wds.)	12 150 169 193 44 82 129
D. "Many a rose-lipt maiden And many a ___ lad" (Housman, *A Shropshire Lad*, liv)	190 33 13 51 73 105 121 142 155
E. Rounded protuberances	41 97 115 144 180
F. Stir, mix, flip	204 5 22 36
G. Celebrates or solemnizes; notes, sees	46 71 91 123 130 161 171 195
H. He was chosen to replace Judas	92 160 174 186 2 42 53 77
I. Command, directive	106 127 159 188 216 1
J. Most generous, as a touch	34 68 197 208 7 47 61
K. "Drunkenness, which is ___ all sins" (James I of Eng., "A Counterblast to Tobacco," 3 wds.)	66 87 110 124 147 164 176 184 37
L. Depose; upset	39 111 131 151 167 181 192 11 99
M. Grumble (British)	128 179 205 15 49 80
N. Make happen	83 116 140 156 172 16
O. Decayed; out of fashion (comp.)	20 30 50 89 107 57 74 135 209
P. American author (*The Saracen Blade*)	8 26 84 9 175

CLUES	WORDS
Q. River rising on Cross Fell, Cumberland, northern England, flowing to the North Sea	18 62 76 114
R. American physician, co-winner 1950 Nobel Prize in Physiology and Medicine	199 212 25 40 67
S. English journalist, novelist (1805-82; *The Tower of London*)	72 109 136 158 201 24 101 35 14
T. County borough, central England, on the Trent	43 79 137 23 173 148 189 170 93 120
U. Flutter the ___: Cause a stir in a quiet, conservative group	134 152 211 95 100 191 29 112 145
V. German breed of tall, vigorous cattle dogs	157 102 141 55 214 202 85 108 166 10
W. Makes protuberant	3 165 27 168 63 132 52 203
X. Conformity	90 54 163 177 213 94 207 185 178 70
Y. Cracked, daft	75 104 126 154
Z. "When do ___, beloved one?" (D. G. Rossetti, "Lovesight," 4 wds.)	182 59 200 210 81 187 98 119 153 196 138 146
Z¹. Small drum, formerly used to accompany oneself on a pipe or fife	88 96 21 64 113
Z². I'm hip! Of course! What else is new? (3 wds.)	28 17 31 122 48 45 162 38 58 133 6 86 143 194

(Answer to Double-Gram No. 30 appears on page 8.)

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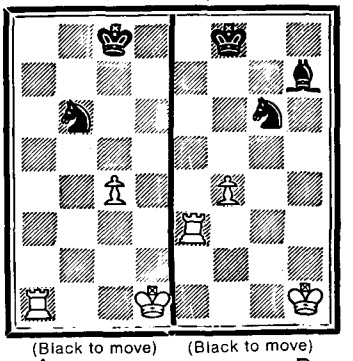
CHESS CORRECTIONS

Below are the correct primer diagrams for the 7/17/73 and 7/31/73 issues.



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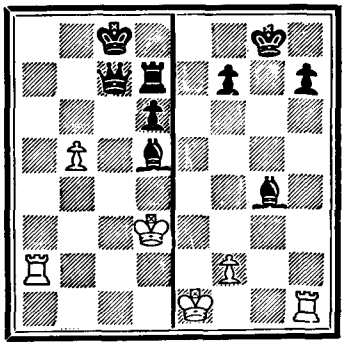
No. 17 **7/17/73**



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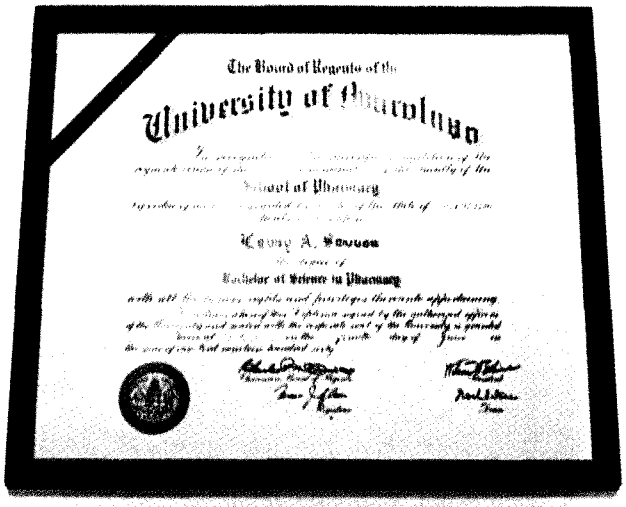
Let's hear it for the man who helps your doctor help you.

Your trusted, nearby, pharmacist. You know him.

Or do you?

He is a *registered* pharmacist. That means he (or she, because



20% of today's pharmacy students are women) holds an academic degree which, these days, takes five years to earn.

His special knowledge of the chemical, physical and biological sciences, plus the detailed records he keeps of your prescriptions, equip him to assist your doctor by dispensing the precise medication that's right for you.

Your pharmacist's most effective role is that of a professional consultant—a valuable link between you and your doctor.

Oh yes, it is very human to grumble that the medicine he dispenses seems to cost too much. But if we really check it out we discover today's prescription costs two percent less than the same amount cost a decade ago.

So, try thinking about the *value* of the service your pharmacist performs.

Then stop by and thank him, or her, for a job well done.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers

Send for our free booklet, *"When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask."* It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. W832, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

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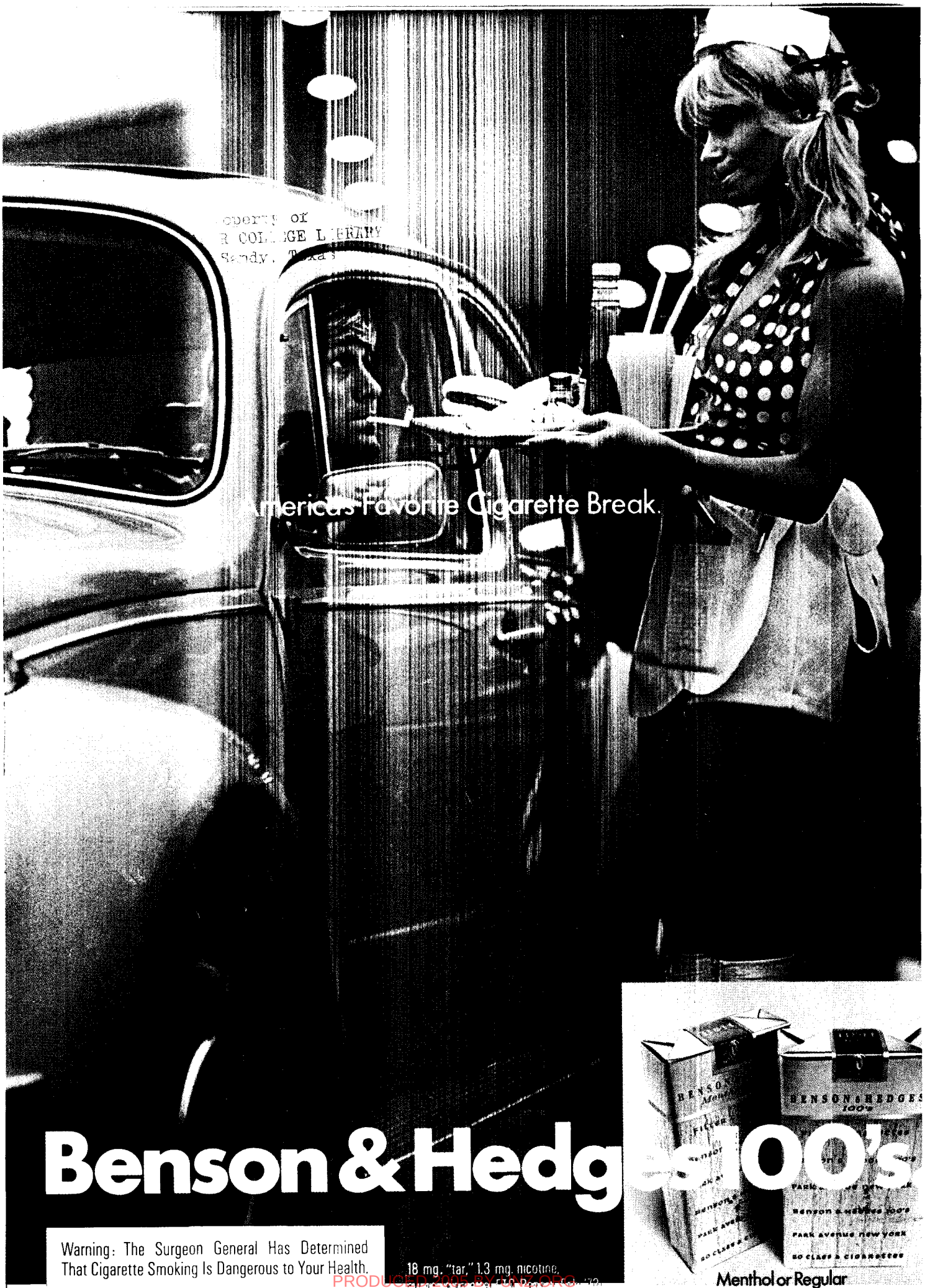
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